WHISPERS *from* ETERNITY

Paramhansa Yogananda

Edited by his disciple Swami Kriyananda

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A BOOK OF
ANSWERED PRAYERS

Paramhansa Yogananda

EDITED BY HIS DIRECT DISCIPLE
SWAMI KRIYANANDA

Crystal Clarity Publishers, Nevada City, CA 95959
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Printed in Canada
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2
ISBN: 978-1-56589-235-4

Cover illustration by Chittra Sudhakaran
Lotus photo by Nabha Cosley
Cover design by Renée Glenn Designs
Interior designed by Tejindra Scott Tully

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Yogananda, Paramhansa, 1893-1952.
Whispers from Eternity : a book of answered prayers / Paramhansa Yogananda ; edited by his direct disciple, Swami Kriyananda.
p. cm.
ISBN 978-1-56589-235-4 (trade paper, cover flaps)
1. Spiritual life. I. Kriyananda, Swami. II. Title.

BP605.S4Y63 2008
294.5'432—dc22

2008030417

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email: clarity@crystalclarity.com
www.crystalclarity.com

Dedicated unto
All the soul-temples of Christians, Moslems, Buddhists,
Hebrews, Hindus, and others,
Wherein the Cosmic Heart throbs equally, always—

And unto
The multi-colored lamps of all true teachings,
In which shines the same one white flame of God—

And unto
All churches, mosques, viharas, tabernacles,
and temples of the world—
Wherein our own One Father dwells impartially
in the fullness of His glory.

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Preamble

I consider this book the supreme contribution, spiritually speaking, of my life. What I see, studying this great work carefully once more at this late stage of my own life, is that my Guru took every conceivable situation in which the sincere God-seeker might find himself, and showed him the best possible attitude with which to cope spiritually. *Whispers* is a handbook par excellence for the spiritual seeker. I feel a deep blessing in having been able to work on and present this great scripture in a new form to the public.

For I have had to clothe afresh here some of the Master's inspiration, his soaringly lofty concepts, and his veritable tidal wave (as it must seem to most people) of almost overwhelming bliss. What I have done is, without changing a single concept, to give the expression of it a more concise poetic flow. The Master himself told me to work on his writings editorially, and I have done so with several others of his major works: his commentaries on the Bhagavad Gita (called *The Essence of the Bhagavad Gita*); his explanations of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*; his first book, *The Science of Religion*, (renamed, *God Is for Everyone*); and, in my own words but based on his spoken and written commentaries, *Revelations of Christ Proclaimed by Paramhansa Yogananda*.

In its author's opinion, this book, *Whispers from Eternity*, belonged among his chief literary contributions. As he wrote once in a poem:

> When I am only a dream,
> Read my *Whispers from Eternity*;
> Eternally through it I will talk to you.

I was with him at his retreat in Twenty-Nine Palms, California, in the spring of 1950. It was an important time in my spiritual growth, and in my life of discipleship. The Master had finished dictating his commentaries on the Bhagavad Gita, and had asked me to help him with the editing. We were discussing why there would even be a need for anyone to touch his writings with an editorial pen. It had seemed to me that he, writing superconsciously as he certainly did, and effortlessly (as, again, he certainly seemed to do), would also write with correct grammar and in flawless style. It turned out that, in this last expectation, I had been too sanguine.

Superconscious perception, I came to understand, does not obviate the need for logical thinking any more than a flow of energy obviates the need for material mechanisms. Energy can *empower* those mechanisms, but it cannot bypass them.

My Guru saw it was important for me to grasp this distinction, for he stated that he wanted me to edit his writings. He made this wish particularly clear because I, out of timidity, had shown myself hesitant to accept what I saw as a responsibility totally beyond me. (My age at that time was a callow twenty-three.)

During several discussions concerning these matters, my Guru said to me, "I myself edited one of my books: *Whispers from Eternity*." This book—at least as much so as *Autobiography of a Yogi*, on which he worked closely with his editor—rings with his deep spiritual vibrations. As I went through the manuscript, however, I realized that his editing had not been final. I think, now, that he must have been referring to the few changes that appeared in the 1949 edition over the 1929 one. In weighing all the evidence, I can only conclude that the ponderous labor of conscientious editing demanded a level of precision that was almost inimical to his naturally intuitive flow. The inspiration he expressed, especially in this book, might almost be described as a lava overflow—so much so that I found I had to concentrate very carefully on each word

so as not to miss a single subtle nuance of his thought. For the concepts rushed by like little shells cast onto the beach by a great ocean wave.

Laurie Pratt, with whom he worked on editing his autobiography, was eminently qualified to do so, deeply in tune with his consciousness, and profoundly devoted to him. I must confess, however, that I felt and still feel that she lacked a poetic sense. Her attempts at poetic language came across, to me, as brusque and almost peremptory. Nothing in it of Shakespeare, Keats, or Tennyson. Sometimes she managed to come across almost as if she imagined that some of our Guru's thoughts themselves required correction.

I offer here an example of what I mean, taken from *Autobiography of a Yogi*. It is one our Guru let stand, and indeed it works well enough in its context. It was a stanza from Omar Khayyam, followed by her editing of the Master's paraphrase:

> Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
> The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again;
> How oft hereafter rising shall she look
> Through this same Garden after me—in vain!

The commentary edited by her reads, "The 'Moon of Delight' is God, eternal Polaris, anachronous never. The 'Moon of Heav'n' is the outward cosmos, fettered to the law of periodic recurrence. Its chains had been dissolved* forever by the Persian seer through his Self-realization. 'How oft hereafter rising shall she look . . . after me—in vain!' What frustration of search by a frantic universe for an absolute omission!"

Laurie Pratt (Tara) wrote as she spoke and thought.

I myself, in my book of Yogananda's commentaries, edited this paraphrase to read as follows:

"Ah, Moon of Divine Joy, changeless forever in the inner heavens, the moon of night is rising once again.

* "Broken" might have been preferable, here.

"How oft hereafter in this same earthly garden—constricting to the vastness of my spirit—will she seek me, but find me gone. For, lo! the name of my native state, now, is Omnipresence."

Our Guru must have shared some of my feelings about Laurie's lack of poetic sense, for I was present when, discussing his poem "God! God! God!" with a small group of us, he lamented, "She keeps on changing that line, 'I will drown their noises' to, 'I will drown their clamor.' Every time I change it back, she makes it 'clamor' again." (As the poem appears in these pages, the word is "noises.")

Laurie herself told me, several years after his passing, "I once asked Master if I might edit *Whispers*, and he replied, 'Oh, *would* you?'" That, at the time, was all she had to share concerning any commission he might have given her. The fact that he could have said even that much, however, indicates to my mind that he understood the book's need for polishing.

When her edited version appeared in book form in 1958, she dared to insert therein a letter, purportedly by Yogananda, thanking her for the editing she'd done on this book. What can I say? He left his body in 1952. Laurie didn't even begin her editing job until several years later. It is true that she was receiving a lot of flak at the time for the changes she'd made, since his passing, in *Autobiography of a Yogi*; she was quite sensitive on the point. Did Yogananda write that letter? No.

I must be truthful. I've never liked what she did with *Whispers*, one reason being that it no longer sounds like him.

This volume, then, is based on the original version of *Whispers from Eternity*, and is as nearly like the original as I could conscientiously make it. (The reader can compare it with the 1949 edition; it is available in bookstores.) Though I, too, have edited it, I didn't find it difficult to go with his flow of blissful exuberance, for this was an aspect of his nature that I absolutely loved. As I remarked earlier, I have done my very best in these pages not to change a

single concept or idea.

I did encounter not a few places where he, out of sheer exuberance, mixed metaphors or stumbled through awkward word sequences that cried out for careful editing. These things I consider minor, however. The book itself is, in my opinion and in that of many others, a simply amazing outpouring of love and devotion that can hardly fail to revolutionize the life of anyone who reads it, and inspire him to exclaim, "So *that's* what life is really all about!"

Swami Kriyananda

Foreword

In *Whispers from Eternity*, by Paramhansa Yogananda, we are taught to pray to Our Heavenly Father by *demanding*, not begging, and thus not to limit ourselves to the way of beggary. The author explains at the start why our prayers are not always answered. All the property a father owns can be claimed by his son, but not by a beggar. That is why the author tells us that, in order to demand, we must first realize our forgotten identity with the Father in deep meditation; we must, by right living, remember that God made us in His image.

In this sacred book we are shown how to resurrect dead, old-fashioned prayers, and through their living qualities bring response from the Silent Almighty. Instead of parroting dead prayers, this book teaches us how to saturate our prayers with God-invoking love.

We are taught here how to avoid two extremes—egotistical guidance from the little self, and blind, passive dependence on God. It teaches us how to use our own God-given will power and concentration, guided not by our egos but by God, in making life successful in every way. Consequently, the author writes: "I will reason, I will will, I will act; but guide Thou my reason, will, and activity to the right thing that I should do in everything."

The prayers in this book help to bring God closer by describing feelings that arise from direct God-contact. God is expressed here as something definite and tangible. The *Cosmic Idol* is a grand concept of the Infinite and Invisible made finite, tangible, and visible. Nature, man, mind, and all visible objects are taken as ma-

terials to build a magnificent Divine Idol on which we can concentrate easily.

The followers of all religions can drink from this fountain of universal prayers. These invocations are an answer to the modern scientific mind, which seeks God intelligently. The prayers in this book are presented in great variety, and therefore enable each one of us to choose those prayers best suited and helpful to his own particular needs.

My humble request to the reader is expressed in the following lines:

Pass not by, with hurried intellectual reading, the mines of realization hidden in the soil nourishing the word-plants in this sacred book. As the author tells us, dig into them deeply, daily and repeatedly, with the pickaxe of attentive, reverential, and meditative study. Then you will find the priceless gem of Self-realization.

Amelita Galli-Curci

WHISPERS *from* ETERNITY

Whispers from Eternity*

I was deaf, but Eternity whispered to me unceasingly. My wisdom's hearing-power slowly woke, and I heard the Whispers of Eternity becoming ever clearer in response to my sacred demands.

I asked Eternity: "What do Thy whispers mean?" The whispers grew stronger, until at last, quite suddenly, Eternity answered: "Hear the voice of uninterrupted guidance. I am God's spokesman, Eternity. I have whispered to thee through thy slumber of ages: 'Awake!' Now thou art awake, and My whispers will never cease from saying: 'Wake all thy brothers!' In sleeping minds everywhere, My whispers constantly work. Work thou with Me, through living, eternal whispers, that all may hear His voice."

I replied to Eternity: "I will send whispers to all my sleeping brothers, saying: 'Awake! Get ready! Come home to His perennial peace!' And I will borrow Thy voice, Eternity, when my earthly voice can be no more heard. Then I will continue to utter through Thee: 'Oh, listen to His all-solacing soul-whispers!'"

I shall wait for all, uttering to them Eternity's whispers. As my countless human brothers—and also beasts, and atom-sparks—

* The word "Eternity," as used here, symbolizes God as manifested in nature and in human souls. This book endeavors to show how practical inner communion can he established between Eternity and the human mind. Communion with Intangible God is possible only through His tangible manifestations of Eternity.

Man's demands to God and to Eternity for divine guidance must be made through effective, secret whispers in deep meditation; these will be answered through God's own helpful whispers in the soul. These demands should be uttered unceasingly for the ears of living Eternity in the human soul; then God (Eternity) will respond in the mysterious silence—changing one's entire being, and even his environment.

all slowly travel toward their own final freedom, their long train seemingly endless, I will softly say through these *Whispers from Eternity*: "Awake! Let us all together go home, following the whispered summons of His ever-calling voice."

Key to Demands

(Please Read Carefully)

Spiritualizing a Prayer or a Demand

Just as a wet match, when struck, does not produce fire, so a mind saturated with restlessness cannot produce the fire of concentration even when one makes great efforts to strike the cosmic spark.

The flame of inspiration is hidden behind the lines of each prayer and demand in this book. Since, however, they must be saturated even so with the polluting waters of printer's ink, paper, and the individual's own intellectual associations, it is necessary to rise above all these distractions in order to bring forth the flame of wisdom out of each prayer-demand. Different minds reading the same prayer cannot but interpret it differently, and also feel it differently. The vast ocean of truth can be measured only according to the capacity of one's own cup of intelligence and perception. So will the inspiration behind these prayers and demands be felt according to the depth of one's own intuition and feeling.

In order to benefit as deeply as possible from the God-warmth in any of these prayer-demands, take only one paragraph at a time from a single demand; mentally picture the meaning; visualize the imagery of the figures of speech—and then meditate deeply on what is perceived, until the fiery meaning, free from all word limitations, emerges.

A word is like a dumb, drunken man who *feels* that liquor is in him, but who cannot *express* himself clearly about it. He may, by a cry or gesture, indicate the kind of wine he has imbibed. So are

the words in these demands: They are "drunk" with God. Never, however, will they be able to express fully and explain with utter, logical clarity the quality of the wine of inspiration within them except, so to speak, with a little gesture or a mumbled cry.

You may wish to read a complete prayer or demand to get a quick overview of its entire meaning. If you read it over and over again, however, many times, and then, with closed eyes, try repeatedly to *feel* the deep inspiration behind and within it, you will thus *spiritualize* it—that is to say, rouse the inspiration which slumbers beneath the thick quilt of human speech.

Prayers and demands are like plants which daily grow new blossoms: the flowers change, but the plants remain basically the same. A prayer-plant, similarly, may have the same branches and leaves of words, but every day will yield new roses of God-feeling and inspiration if you regularly water the plant with meditation. The prayer-plant should be protected from storms of doubt, distraction, mental idleness, procrastination of meditation (to a morrow that never comes!), absent-mindedness, and preoccupation with other things while imagining the mind to be wholly focused on the essence of a prayer.

Such parasites on your prayer-plants should be destroyed by the germicides of self-control, determination, and loyalty to a single teaching. Thus, the glowing, immortal roses of inspiration will be gathered daily from the plants of these *prayer-demands*.

Be still, and let God answer you within. Learn to know Him by the extent to which you know your true, inner Self. Visualize Him as formless, yet with form; silent, yet with voice as well. For example, when God is described as a visible Cosmic Idol which I worshipped with drum-beats of the ocean-roar, try mentally actually to visualize the entire concept behind the Cosmic Idol, and to hear those drum-beats. And when the Almighty is spoken of as the Divine Mother, try to feel the same devotion to God, the Universal Mother, as a loving child feels toward its mother.

O seeker after soul-awakening! Every day, dry, with the heat of your concentration, the wet matchsticks of mere words in the demand you select; then repeatedly strike them on the tinder of your mind. You will at last see the divine flame leaping out.

Hints to the Reader

Please select a demand from the contents, according to your needs. Then calm your mind by sitting motionless on a straight-backed chair, with your spine erect. Keeping your eyes closed, or uplifted (if open), meditate on the meaning of the demand you've selected until it becomes a part of you. Then saturate that demand with devotion. Meditate upon it. As your meditation deepens, increase your devotion, mentally offering the demand as your own heart's outburst. Imbue yourself in the faith that your heart's craving, expressed through this specific demand, is being received by God.

Feel that, just behind the screen of your devotional demands, God is listening to the silent words of your soul. Feel this truth deeply; be *one* with your heart's demand! Be thoroughly convinced that He has heard you. And then—go about your duties, seeking not to know whether God will grant your demand. Believe absolutely that you've been heard. You will know, then, that what is God's is yours also. Unceasingly meditate on God. When you really *feel* Him, you will acquire dominion over all things.

Resurrect mere words from the sepulcher of dry, intellectual concepts by the Christ-command of your own deepest perception.

Since these demands were given to me by the Universal Father, they are not my own. I only felt them, and gave them expression through the medium of words, desiring deeply to share them with you. My blessing goes with them, and I pray that they strike an answering note on the living harp strings of your heart, that you may feel them just as deeply as I have myself.

We should Demand, as Children of God—not pray as Beggars!

God made man in His own image. All those who have truly received Him in their souls have realized the sleeping divinity within themselves. You yourself can do likewise: Expand the powers of your mind. As a child of God you have dominion, potentially, over all things in the universe, even as He has in actuality.

The question arises, why is it that so many of our wishes remain unfulfilled? Why, indeed, do so many of God's children suffer, and so intensely?

God, with His divine impartiality, could not have made any one child better than any other. Originally, He made all souls equally in His image. They received also great gifts of God: freedom of will, and the power to reason, and to act accordingly.

Man suffers because of his own Past Actions

Somewhere, sometime in the past, all men have broken various laws of God, and have, accordingly, brought about lawful results.

All men have been given absolute liberty to reason as they choose: wrongly or rightly. Misuse of one's God-given reason leads to sin, which infallibly brings suffering. The right use of reason leads to joy and happiness. God is infinitely kind, gracious, and noble. He would never punish us; we cannot "offend" Him: He loves us all, saint and sinner, alike. It is we who punish ourselves through our own wrong use of reason, which leads to unlawful actions. We also reward ourselves by the inner happiness and peace of mind which follow good conduct. This alone explains why God's responsibility ended when He first endowed man with reason and free will.

The Law of Cause and Effect governs the aeons of man's existence

Man has misused his God-given independence, thereby bringing on himself the physical and emotional suffering, premature death, and all griefs which accompany ignorance. He must always reap what he sows. The law of cause and effect applies to everything and everyone. Every "today" in one's life is determined by his actions "yesterday," and every "tomorrow" depends on the way he handles and lives his "todays."

Thus it is that man, though created in God's image, and potentially endowed with His powers, forsakes his claim to his very birthright: dominion over the Father's whole universe. He does so by his own fault, born of his self-imposed limitations. The misuse of reason, and the soul's identification, through the ego, with the transitory body, and with environmental, hereditary, and world influences, is the cause of all human despair and misery.

How a sleeping Son of God may be awakened

The fact remains that a soul, however wrong in its outward, egoic behavior, is really a sleeping son of God. The greatest sinner on earth is only an unawakened child of God, a sleeping immortal, merely refusing to receive His light fully by clarifying his own consciousness. That is why in John 1:12 we find written: "But as many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

The ocean cannot be held in a teacup. The cup must expand to become as large as the bowl of land holding the ocean. Similarly, the cup of human consciousness must, by concentration and the purification of all human faculties, be enlarged to infinity in order to comprehend God. This it can do only by receiving, through the

Guru, the consciousness of Christ. *Receiving* denotes capacity acquired by self-development and inner attunement; it is different from mere belief.

How Belief in being a Son of God can become Self-realization

The purport of that quotation from St. John is that those sleeping sons of God who awake by adherence to the law, which includes spiritual discipline, "receive," or intuit, God by their developed inner perception. Thus they regain their own latent powers as sons of God. Ignorance alone is what prompts man to imagine himself small, and to identify with his own limitations. *Ignorance is the supreme sin—the greatest sin of all.*

It is sleeping man who acknowledges—indeed, emphasizes—his dreams of weaknesses. It is wrong for anyone to believe himself limited by his body. He should *know* himself to be a part of Unlimited Spirit. It is right and good to hold firmly the thought that one is a son of God, and not a mortal son only. Indeed, it is metaphysically true that man *is* made in the image of God. And it is wrong to imagine that all of us are perishable creatures. By *belief* alone, even, we can some day *realize* our own souls as sons of God. Wayward children though we be, we must start by *believing* ourselves to be, in truth, His children. For belief is the initial condition for testing and knowing anything.

People automatically pray, when in trouble, to an unknown God in hope of relief. If delivered from trouble even accidentally they believe their prayers have been heard and answered by God. When their prayers remain unanswered, however, they become confused, and may even lose faith in God.

God, though all-powerful, does not act unlawfully or arbitrarily merely because people pray to Him. He gives His human children independence to do as they please. To forgive man arbitrari-

ly for his human shortcomings would suggest a contradiction of God's own law of cause and effect. Human behavior determines every outcome in human life. Nothing is determined by divine whim. How could God be moved by flattery or praise to change the course of His own immutable laws?

There is, in ordinary prayer, altogether too much beggary and sheer ignorance. People just plead for special favors. Few pray in such a way as to touch God with their prayers. Nor do they know whether what they ask is really granted or not. Perhaps things would have happened anyway, unaffected by any prayer. People do not distinguish, either, between what they really need and what they merely want. Sometimes it is better that they not receive what they think they want. A child may reach out and even want to touch a flame, but the mother, wishing to save it from harm, will not grant that impulse or desire.

My purpose in presenting these *Sacred Demands*, which I have received during years of fruitful communion with our Father, is to enable my brother human beings to contact Him effectively. I prefer the word "demand" to "prayer," because "prayer" is based on an old-fashioned, medieval concept: God as a kingly tyrant whom we, mere subjects of His, need to supplicate and flatter.

We should not plead with God to be partial to us simply because we have pleased Him. We should not beg Him to break His laws of cause and effect, which govern all our actions. Why should He forgive us our wrong-doing?—and without even our self-correction! Ah, but must we then bow to the inevitability of receiving passively all the fruits of our actions, as if by heartless predestination or so-called fate?

No! There *is* a way out. The best way of all is not to ask favors, nor plead for amnesty from the consequences of any actual evil. Neither should we resign ourselves to painful consequences and sit idle, inviting the law to take its course. We must remember that what we have done we can, by our own actions, undo. We need

simply to adopt antidotes to our own self-poisoning behavior. Ill health can, and therefore must, be overcome by obeying the laws of good health. What, then, about chronic diseases, and sufferings of all kinds that are beyond all human control? When human methods fail, thereby revealing human limitation, then we must ask God for help in the right way. That way is to demand of God, whose power is unlimited, as His sons, not as beggars.

Every begging prayer, no matter how sincere, is self-limiting. As sons of God we must believe that we *have* everything already that the Father has. This is our birthright. Jesus realized the truth: "I and my Father are One." That is why he had dominion over everything, even as his Father had. Most of us beg and plead without first establishing, in our own minds, our divine birthright. In that way we demean ourselves. *We are not beggars!* We have only to *reclaim*, to *demand* of our Father that which we, through our human ignorance, imagined to be lost.

It becomes necessary, at this stage, to uproot and destroy the wrong thinking of ages, and the belief that, as human beings, we are frail and helpless. We must think, meditate, affirm, believe, and realize daily that we are sons of God! This realization may take time, but we must begin *now* with the right method, and no longer gamble away our birthright with affirmations of our own littleness. That foolishness has led to disbelief, doubt, and to the mental jugglery of superstition. Only when the slumbering ego perceives itself, not as a body, but as a free soul, a son of God residing in and working through the body, can it rightfully and lawfully demand its own divine rights.

The *sacred demands* in this book reveal many right, spiritual attitudes that have successfully drawn a response from God. It is always best, however, not to demand in another's language. One should not consult a book on love when he speaks to his beloved. He should use the spontaneous language of his heart. What I want above all is for you to absorb the intent behind the words in

these prayer-demands. If you stay with the words themselves, make them your own. Thoroughly understand and dwell on the meaning of each demand, and apply to it your utmost concentration and love. Just as when a lover addresses his beloved in the language of great poetry, if he recites it with sincere love and feeling, he cannot do amiss.

Blind repetition of any demand or affirmation without concomitant devotion and spontaneous love makes one merely a "praying victrola," ignorant of the significance of what one is saying. Grinding out one's prayers vocally but mechanically, while inwardly thinking of something else, brings no response at all from God! Blind repetition is taking the name of God in vain: it is fruitless. To repeat a prayer-demand over and over again, whether mentally or out loud, with ever-deeper attention and devotion, spiritualizes the prayer; it changes conscious, concentrated repetition into superconscious experience.

The Divine cannot be deceived by the mockery of half-hearted prayer, for He is the fountain of all thought. He cannot be bribed in any way. Yet it is easy to move Him with sincerity, persistency, concentrated devotion, firm determination, and faith. Long, intellectual prayers, uttered with a wandering mind, develop hypocrisy. And prayers, or even demands, uttered without understanding develop into fanaticism and superstition—hallmarks of human ignorance. To repeat a demand with deepening concentration and faith is not to pray mechanically: If one gives ever-deeper, creative, progressive power and mental adaptiveness to every changing nuance of what he asks, he is enabled, step by step and scientifically, to reach God.

These *sacred demands* are logical, devotional, deep outbursts from my soul. If you prepare your mind by concentration, then deeply and with ever-increasing faith and devotion—mentally (or aloud, in congregations)—affirm these scientific divine demands, you are bound to receive results. The most important prayer-demand you can utter is to re-establish your unity with the Divine Father-Mother

as His/Her eternal son. Realize God, and you will receive everything. Jesus himself said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew 6:33)

Do not dig up, now and then, the *demand-seed* you sow in order to examine it. Sow it with faith, then let it germinate to its own fulfillment. Sow your *demand-seed* carefully, with full concentration; and water it by daily repetition; be intelligently aware of what you are doing. Never get discouraged if results are not immediately forthcoming. Be firm in your demands. Be also stubborn! Slowly you will retrieve your lost, divine heritage. And then will God, the Supremely Relishable, visit your heart and make His home there. Demand until you've established your right to your divine inheritance. Demand unceasingly of your Father all that rightly belongs to you, and you will receive His blessing of eternal life in Him.

In demanding rightly there is no room for superstition, disappointment, hesitation, or doubt. Once you learn to operate that right chain of causation which effectually moves the divine heart, you will know that He never hid from you: it was you who hid from Him behind the shadow of your own self-created darkness! Once you feel yourself to be truly a son of God, your steadfast mental discipline and devotional love, expressed in meditation, will give you dominion over all things.

If, however, your demands remain unfulfilled and unanswered, you will have only yourself and your own past actions to blame. Do not despair or grow despondent. Never say that you've become resigned to your fate, nor decide you may as well accept what seem the preordained commands of a whimsical God. Try instead, with increased effort after each failure, to obtain what has not yet been granted you: what you have not yet received because of some fault of your own, or some defect in your way of asking. It is all yours already in the Spirit. Demand, then, with sacred devotion, and with recognition of your divine birthright as a child of God.

To know how and when to pray correctly, according to the nature of your demands, is what will, and cannot fail to, bring the desired results. When the demand is made rightly—not selfishly, but in a self-giving way—it will set in motion in your favor the very laws of God. The operation of that law alone can bear results scientifically. For God abides by the laws He Himself has made.

Watching the Cosmic Motion Picture of Life

In this cinema theater of life we are both viewers and actors. As actors, we offer entertainment, inspiration, and instruction through the roles we play, sharing with others, in a sense, the understanding we have gained so far in our lives. As viewers, we watch the changing, entertaining, constructive, endlessly fascinating play of life—our own and that of others. Viewing the play gives us an opportunity to draw important lessons for ourselves.

Newsreels in movie theaters, reporting current events from East, West, North, and South, give us opportunities also to enlarge our mental screens as they provide us with a bigger picture of how people live everywhere on this planet. Every nation, with its (to us, sometimes) strange-seeming and colorful customs, its various countrysides and climates, provides us with new "snippets" of interest.

How many adventure stories we live through! How many thrillers! How many sweet stories, balanced (inevitably) by suspense or horror movies!

Countless "motion pictures" are displayed daily on our mental screens. The comic movies we find delightful; the educational ones, informative and also, if we ponder that information more deeply, instructive. Sensational events in our lives help to keep us "awake and ready." Sad movies lead us slowly by the hand to the portals of reflection, on passing which we recognize that all fulfillments in life are really a "mixed bag" of success and disap-

pointments. And the inspiring movies lead us into the garden of higher reflection where we learn to hope for better things in life than endlessly pulling up the weeds of troubles in hopes of making life trouble-free. The hope that dawns on us is that there may be lofty regions of consciousness where not only rest, but enduring love and bliss are possible.

Life gives us human examples from which to profit: great trailblazers like Lincoln, Gandhi, Marie Curie, Admiral Byrd, Emerson, William the Conqueror, Isaac Newton. Through such persons we may receive the inspiration to improve our own lives. God gives us great religious teachers also, such as Jesus Christ, Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Mohammed, and Krishna to guide us and give us hints that in ourselves we, too, have high potentials.

In the movies of our own lives we behold examples that sometimes move us with deep emotion; sometimes inspire; sometimes entertain us and help us to be light and happy; and that sometimes frighten us into correcting ourselves, after beholding the consequences of wrong behavior. The scenes we observe in real life may be as dramatic as any of those penned by Shakespeare.

The movies that life plays for us of other people's sufferings affect us, but their impact on us is diminished by our own relative lack of involvement in them. We may shed a passing tear, but the pain will be slight compared to the sufferings we experience in our own lives. Personal suffering is therefore necessary, both for our self-understanding and because it deepens in us a desire to expand our sympathies by helping others. Self-understanding must grow gradually until, as our understanding and empathy expand, it becomes superconscious insight.

Sympathetic higher beings derive great inspiration from helping "earthlings" to uncover their own inner joy. If such high beings wept with us and identified with our sorrows, they would not be able to uplift anyone. Indeed, we ourselves, when we grieve too deeply with others in their sorrows, only increase those sorrows.

Compassion is a loftier feeling than sympathy. Compassion is like being able to swim strongly enough to save someone from drowning. Pity may mean jumping into the water and drowning with him! The only way to diminish others' grief is to apply to them the potent salve of our own inner calmness and joy. Those who can do so most effectively for both themselves and others are advanced beings whose inner happiness has become unshakable.

As we watch, therefore, the tragic mistakes and misfortunes in people's lives—including our own—we should shed only tears of joy at the privilege of being able to offer help, even to ourselves. We should approach tragedy, whether in others' or in our own lives, with an attitude of dynamic inner joy. The way to emerge from suffering is to raise to a higher level our own, or other people's, consciousness. For ourselves, consciousness can be raised by right attitudes.

In souls made in the image of God there is no room for disturbing emotions such as grief. *The fundamental cure for all human ills is everywhere one and the same: to raise one's consciousness.*

In this cosmic movie, the gains we can receive from people who are stricken with despair, and who collapse fainting at the slightest whiff of bad news, are that we can see displayed so plainly the effects of negative thinking.

We must prepare ourselves mentally to meet life's inevitable trials, difficulties, and tragedies. For such preparation, the movies we see in actual theaters can be instructive. If viewed with inner calmness and detachment, they can help us to understand that nothing in life is real in itself. Highly nervous individuals, those who suffer from melancholia, or those again who are afflicted by "Anemic Pessimism," should avoid as they would a communicable disease any movie that depicts human tragedy or sorrow. Stories of this sort will not inspire them to live better. People who flock to "tear-jerkers" because they love crying only undermine their own ability to stand firm in the face of life's tests.

Throughout all trials, of whatever nature, we can retain our equilibrium and sail through the most harrowing experiences with our inner peace and joy unaffected, if we remain inwardly calm.

Learn to look upon whatever happens to you with the certainty that nothing can touch you in your true, inner Self: your soul.

Great wars have been waged everywhere on earth. Widespread famines have caused millions to die of starvation. Disasters alternate invariably with happier times of peace and prosperity. Learn to view everything as passing and temporary. Don't look for "happy endings." "Real" life has no endings at all! Every apparent ending of one story is only the beginning of another one. In this universe of dualities there must be as many sad stories as happy ones. This statement is as true for the whole universe as it is for the lives of human beings. Every wave must have its corresponding trough.

Is it not ironic that every human struggle to "get ahead," to achieve this goal or that, and every dream and hope of a "happy ending," must always be canceled out by the very opposite of everything we sought. Every "up" must be balanced by a "down"; every triumph, by a defeat. The sum total of our myriads of incarnations must be zero! Isn't that something to stiffen our spines? Everything we aspire toward, dream of, and attempt on earth is, quite literally, all for *nothing*?

The vast dramas of this world: the saints; the great statesmen; the conquerors; the villains; the works of great genius: all have as little reality as Mother Grady's frustrated cries over the ants getting into her apple pie!

A movie depicting a life in an actual theater movie takes little time to play out: perhaps hardly two hours. In "real" life, events pass more slowly, though the speed varies according to the degree to which we engross ourselves in them. Whatever the length of our lives, however—whether ten years or a hundred—when Life's Director calls, "Cut!" the movie ends.

When life finishes, we are given a glimpse, with the telescopic lens of retrospection, of everything we lived.

Life is indeed a movie show! The millions of geologic years; the vast starry constellations; the atmosphere which surrounds planets; the atomic combinations that produce the chemical elements; the vast continents and oceans; the unceasing parade of birth and death; and the virtual change-over of the entire cast every hundred years: all this is but a show!

The varying abilities displayed by human beings; the march of civilizations, rising and falling: the whole incredible spectacle is nothing but a "super-colossal" film, ever-entertaining, displaying constant novelty. Yet we can't simply walk out on the movie of life: We must sit through it. Those who try to escape by committing suicide must simply return and start over again. Those who think to escape to some South Sea island or polar wilderness will find their karma keeping track of them and jumping determinedly onto their backs no matter where they go.

Life is a movie in serial form. Each installment is engrossing, new, stirring, and delivered with fantastic complexity. Great minds are stars in the movie production; they command universal attention from the audience. We cannot all be stars, however. Don't mind if you are not a main player in life's movie. No motion picture ever consists of only one player, or one event. Your role, even though it be short or seemingly insignificant, has its own importance. Without you, the "plot" would be incomplete. In the eyes of the Director, an actor who plays his role well, whatever it be, is, in his own special way, a star, adding luster to the whole production.

Life's pictures, in order to be interesting, must change constantly. Who wants to be subjected over and over to the same old comedies, the same old prosaic events, the same grim, increasingly gray tragedies? We all want variety. Some people can hardly bear to see twice the same movie at the movie theaters. Therefore does

the Cosmic Director of this great motion picture of life keep on changing things to keep the show interesting.

Indeed, one can never drink twice at the same spot from the same water out of a running brook. One can never live exactly the same event twice. Brooks flow; events change; we are not exactly the same now as we were even a minute ago, for our thoughts change, and the sum total of our reality assumes ever different proportions.

To accept life as a motion picture requires a certain mindset. You must steel yourself never to accept sorrow as your reality. You must be mentally prepared to accept every change in life. But why be a psychological antique? When crises come, don't shrink from them or lament. Instead, why not applaud the spectacle appreciatively? The brouhaha of this world was created for your entertainment and enjoyment.

Be a good actor, too—entertaining with style! When you are ill, or when anything else goes wrong in your life, play heroically the part of someone fighting disaster. Patiently endure whatever trials come, no matter how great. Keep seeking methods to overcome, or to rise above, every test that is given you. Seek to be constantly creative. And keep always in mind that you are only, always, playing a part.

A movie actor isn't personally involved in any suffering he depicts in the characters he plays. Even so let us be. Retain always an attitude of inner freedom, no matter what challenges you are called upon to meet in life. Remember, people suffer only because they think things ought to be different from what they are.

A disciplined consciousness, especially if it is guided by the superconscious, never experiences pain when the body is ill, nor fear or anger when it encounters opposition, nor devastation over failure of any kind. We should always see ourselves as God's children: ever perfect, calm, happy, and unaffected by anything that happens to us.

A state of mental detachment can be achieved by understanding the true meaning of life. That, indeed, is wisdom; it gives a deep sense of inner purpose to one's own life.

Our troubles usually arise from not knowing what part we are meant to play. A person with musical talent may take a step backward in evolution if he lets people's praise go to his head. He may do better—and, in fact, it may be his true role, designed for him by the Director—to use his natural sense of harmony, perhaps, by helping groups of people to work cooperatively together.

How can one know what God wants?

Uncertainty as to our life's role is due to carelessness in developing our innate, intuitive soul faculties. Even without that certainty, however, the Director will certainly guide you if you approach Him in the right way. Perhaps He will put you into circumstances that will help you to respond with discrimination to His guidance. First, however, you must offer yourself to Him sincerely, and cooperate willingly with the opportunities He gives you. Rouse, therefore, your own all-feeling, all-seeing wisdom by regular meditation, and ask earnestly to be shown your true role in life.

As you watch the show, participate in and enjoy the part you yourself play. Watch everything that happens around you with equal appreciation. Whether events provide a delightful comedy of errors, or a sequence of harrowing trials and difficulties, watch with an attitude of calm inner detachment. There is no place in the lives of God's children for pain, sorrow, grievance, complaints, or boredom. A person can, in retrospect, replay joyously all the noble parts of his life. Reflect that you can replay even the ignoble parts, if you've the courage to rise above the shame, and turn them to good purpose by resolving to improve in future.

The Great Director of life's motion picture is Bliss Itself. We, His children, made in His image, should resolve to be ever blissful also in ourselves. From joy we came, in joy we live, in sacred joy we melt. God created this cosmic motion picture for entertain-

ment—our own, and that of every hectic atom as it spins about in His aware universe. We, His human children, have reached a point in our evolution where we've been given the ability to reach superconsciousness. Even a light touch of higher awareness, through the practice of inner non-attachment, can help us to watch the moving picture of our own lives, and the broader picture of life, birth, death, and general events everywhere, with the same spirit of divine enjoyment.

You've surely seen a theater motion picture that depicted tragedy: Shakespeare's Hamlet, for instance, or a great Greek tragedy. At the end of the play you thought, "What a marvelous drama!" Why not view in the same way every scene in life? Say to yourself, "How interesting it all is, with its ups and downs, its laughs, its 'cliff hangers,' and even the seeming finality of an actual plunge down the cliff!" Remember, there are no final endings: there is only continuous change. Ah, what a glorious adventure story!

Man's consciousness may be described as being embedded in God. As such, all pain is illusory. It is a dream, a movie. All our suffering is due to our imaginary identification with these bodies of ours, and with wrong habits of living and thinking. As long as we inhabit our bodies, we have no choice but to travel through life's labyrinthine paths and participate in its multitudinous experiences. Why not, then, view it all with the consciousness of the angels? As they live far removed from this earth, so also can we, if our hearts are inwardly free.

Life and death will appear to us, then, as an unalterably joyous experience. We shall find ourselves united with cosmic consciousness, and shall no more be affected by any wakings of birth or sleepings of death. Thus will it become natural for us to watch the cosmic motion picture with pure delight, knowing that even those "zombies" who stumble, dazed, along jungle paths of delusion will come out in the end, and will know eternal freedom in ever-existing, ever-conscious, ever-new Bliss.

Sacred Demands to the Infinite

Demands for Developing Cosmic Consciousness

O you, who have come to the portals of this book of prayer-demands: Pass not by in haste. Enter and bathe in the sacred pool of God's love, hidden in the still, deep waters of meditation.

Every day, take one prayer-demand at a time, and read it carefully. First, get the *intellectual* concept, and *concentrate* on it, addressing yourself to God with focused, unceasing, urgent mental whispers.

Your demand must be individualized. Fragrant flower-thoughts will blossom in your heart from that original prayer-plant—thoughts born of concentration and inner experiences, and watered by the divine dew of that grace which is attracted by meditation.

Each thought-empowered word shall then wear *for you* a bright, flaming garment. Each word shall be a guiding torchlight in the procession of your prayer-thoughts as you march toward God. Each word will spread light to illumine the path of some lost brother on the way. Each word-song will sing a song that God Himself has sung, revealing some lost gem of truth. Each word-torch will illumine some dark corner in your mind. Each thought will pour forth a silent sermon of His sacred Bliss. Each feeling-note will reverberate with the presence of His love everywhere, and will wake sleeping souls to hear His ever-blissful voice summoning you, and all mankind: "Come home!"

1

Cosmic Salutation

(Inspired by the Bhagavad Gita, the Hindu Bible)

O Spirit, I bow to Thee in front of me, behind me, on the left, and on the right. I bow to Thee above and beneath. I bow to Thee all around me. I bow to Thee within and without. I bow to Thee everywhere, for Thou art everywhere.

2

We demand of Thee as Thy Children

Thou art our Father. We are made in Thine image. We are Thy children. We neither ask nor pray as beggars, but *demand* of Thee, as Thy children, the gifts of wisdom, salvation, health, happiness, and eternal joy. Whether naughty or good, we are still Thy children, all of us. Help us to perceive and understand, inwardly, Thy will for us. Teach us the independent use of our human will (since Thou gavest it to us to use freely), attuned to Thy wisdom-guided will.

3

Demand for Recharging the Body-Battery

O Spirit, teach us to heal our bodies by re-charging them with Thy cosmic energy; to heal our minds by concentration and pleasant smiles; and our souls by meditation-born intuition.

4

Spiritual Interpretation of the Lord's Prayer

O Heavenly Father, Mother, Friend, Beloved God, may the halo of Thy presence spread over all minds.

May the religion of matter-worship be converted into loving, direct worship of Thee. Since, without Thy power to love, we cannot truly love anything, may we love Thee first and above everything else. May the heavenly kingdom of Bliss, where Thou dwellest, manifest itself with all its divine qualities on earth, and may all lands be freed from limitations, imperfections, and miseries. Let Thy kingdom within us manifest itself without.

Father, leave us not in the pit of temptations, into which we fell by the misuse of Thy gift of reason. When we become freer and stronger—should it be Thy wish to test us, to see whether we love Thee more than any temptation—then, Father, make Thyself more tempting than temptation! O Father, if it be Thy wish to test us, help us keep our will power strong enough to meet all Thy tests.

Give us our daily bread: food, health, and prosperity for the body; efficiency for the mind; and, above all, Thy wisdom and love for our souls. Teach us to deliver ourselves, with Thy help, from the meshes of ignorance which we have woven through our own carelessness.

5

Thou Art the best Bomb-Shelter

When clouds of devastating war rain fire and death, I will not forget that Thou, O God, art my best Bomb-Shelter. In life and death, in disease, famine, pestilence, and poverty, I cling to Thee who alone canst show me that, in all dualities of life-experiences,

my soul remains unharmed. Thou wilt ever protect me, and make me realize that I am immortal, untouched by the changing conditions of childhood, youth, and age, and of world conditions, whether in peace or in upheaval.

6

Universal prayer in the Cosmic Temple

With a myriad of living thoughts of devotion, I have built for Thee a temple of awakened silence. I have brought the multicolored lamps of wisdom from all valid faiths. They shine with the luster of Thy one truth.

The commingled incense of human craving for Thy love soars up in spirals from the incense-bowl of our hearts. Thy sacred presence shines on altars everywhere.

All prayers of all temples, tabernacles, churches, mosques, and viharas are chanting to Thee in the universal language of deep love. The orchestra of our combined feelings plays in harmony with the chorus of all soul-songs, with the cry of all tears, with the bursting shout of all joys, and with the united anthem of all prayers.

In this wall-less cosmic temple of the soul, we worship Thee our one Father. Be pleased to reveal Thyself to us always. Amen, *Aum, Amin*.

7

Worshipping the Cosmic Idol

O Infinite Spirit, I shall worship Thee today as finite. O Cosmic Silence, I shall hear Thine unheard voice through the murmur of brooks, through the songs of nightingales, through the sound of

blown conch-shells, through the beat of ocean waves, and through the hum of all vibrations.

India-wise, in the cosmic temple of my mind, I shall worship Thee ceremoniously, with clanging bells in my heart, O Idol of Finitude! In reverence I shall behold Thy face glowing red with vital power in the sun, and bestowing soothing moonbeam-glances to dispel all gloom.

I shall no more consider Thee unseen, for, in worship, I shall look straight into and through Thy finite, starry eyes to behold Thy mystic heart. With Thy breath in the heaving wind I shall mix my breath, borrowed from Thee. Wordless chants of my yearning for Thee will pulse with the cadence of my heart-throbs. I shall feel Thy heart beating in all hearts. I shall watch Thy hands working in the law of gravitation, and in all cosmic forces. In the footfalls of all living creatures I shall hear Thy footsteps.

In worship I shall behold Thy vast, skiey body, alternately adorned with stars on the dark, twinkling veil of night, and Thy coming light with the pale light of the dawn. I shall behold Thee heralding the night with the grey twilight. O my Cosmic Idol, garlanded with stringed beads of the Milky Way, diademed with the rainbow, festively arrayed with the diamonds of all glittering stars and planets, I bow to Thee!

The glistening skin of the sky perspires rain with Thy life, and Thy blood runs through Thy veins of rivers, streams, brooks and in the blood flow of all men. No more shall I worship Thee as unseen, but as my visible, embodied Cosmic Idol.

The temple-bells of harmony in Nature, the drumbeats of mighty sea-swells, the myriad votive candles of prayer and chanting in all churches (devotion-flowers from the garden of all souls), and the incense of all aspiring loves—all these have I assembled for Thy worship, O visible Idol of my soul!

With open eyes and with the eye of my mind, let me behold Thee, my living Idol of God in Nature. Let me worship Thee

vocally and with mental chants, with the bouquet of devotion, with serviceful activity, and with wisdom; above all, let it be with the language of love, with heart-whispers, with tearless tears in meditation, and with the silent sobs of intuition.

8

Salutation to the Great Preceptor

(Sanskrit Scriptures)

Bearing the bliss of Brahma, happiness supreme; wearing the image of wisdom; beyond the dispute of any qualities; free as the limitless sky; Knower of all there is to be known: Thou perennial, taintless one, Witness of all happenings, beyond all conceptions' boundaries, uncolored by good, bad, and active qualities: my ever-awake Preceptor—I bow to Thee!

9

Thou Mother of Flames, show Thy Face, too long hidden behind the veil of Thy Cosmic Motion Picture

O Mother of time, space, form, and relativity: Thou hast taken a finite form—Kali-Divine, colossal idol-symbol of all-sheltering Nature. The invisible Spirit assumed Thy form as our visible Mother Divine. In Thee throbs the heart of all-protecting, mothering kindness.

O Mother Divine! The moon is set like a beauty-mark between Thy two dark eyebrows of twilight and night. Clouds of eternity veil Thy face. Gusts of prophetic lives have tried from time to time briefly to blow away Thy veil of mystery, and momentarily

to reveal Thy face, so long unseen by our stares of ignorance. But who, truly, can fathom Thee?

O Mother Divine, in the dawn of creation I beheld Thee on the pathway of time, roaming in the rustic garb of primitive cultures, wearing the garments of untamed Nature and the garlands of unpolished minds that are conscious only of opaque, solid forms.

In the noon-day of creation I beheld Thee in a lustrous garment of sunny minds, scorching men in the hot fire of their own desires. Thy body of activity perspired with restlessness. All Thy children felt the strain of the struggle, and implored Thee for the cooling breeze of Thy peace.

In Thy noon-hour of fulfillment Thou didst visit equally the dark slums of misery, the glad halls of prosperity, and calm shrines of peaceful wisdom.

In Thy mid-day attire of awakening, Thou didst travel through festive centuries, beholding the dream of human life and death, of planetary evolution and dissolution, of the birth and death of civilizations, of the drama of world-unfolding nebulae dreaming new-born planets, of earthquakes, and of limited dissolutions.

Then the dark night of cosmic dissolution approached, and Thou didst wear the dark, grim veil of mourning, putting Creation through the terrible, fiery, but purifying ordeal of universal destruction. The sun burst and belched fire; a cosmic shudder broke the bowl of the sky, dropping embers of meteors; and all Creation became a furnace of flames. Everything became fire: matter, human sins, and darkness—everything was cast into Thy crucible to be made pure and luminous.

Creation emerged again from the fire. Beneath the ashes of matter, the embers of Creation slept for a time, and then, rocked by Thy hands, O Mother Divine, awoke again in its body of pure flames.

Thy one hand of power wakes the unseen, creative force, taking many-hued, finite forms. Another hand holds the astral sword

of preservation, keeping all planets swinging in the rhythm of balance. Thy third hand clutches the severed head of the cosmos, representing complete dissolution when all Creation sleeps in Thee. Thy fourth hand calms the storm of delusion and bestows rays of salvation on Thy seeking devotees.

O Kali, Thou Cosmic Mother of all creative activity, garlanded by all human minds; Thy rhythmic, wild dance of creation ceases only when Thy foot touches the breast of Thy Invisible Consort of transcendent Spirit—Shiva, in whom all creation rests.

O Mother of Progress, I hear Thy dance of life in the tinkling little bells of laughing, harmonious lives. On the floor of my tender thoughts, Thine inspirations dance softly in rhythm with the music of the spheres.

In the hall of creation, everywhere, O Kali, I hear Thy footsteps dancing powerfully in the booming thunder, and softly in the gentle songs of atoms.

The Infinite sleeps beneath Thy magic shroud of delusion. And then, O Goddess of Manifested Forms, Thy fantasy of finitude begins to vibrate on Spirit's bosom. Nearer dost Thou dance than the very throbbing of my soul; Thy steps resound on the farthest horizons of my mind. Divine Mother, dance where Thou willst, but oh, I pray Thee, play the music of Thy magic footsteps also and ever in the sacred sanctum of my soul!

O Goddess Kali, woven into Thy changing robes are the dreams of creation, preservation, and destruction. Mother Divine, on the lambent veil of Thy consciousness play Thou a million cosmic dramas. Thus dost Thou entertain and amuse Thy good children, and frighten toward goodness Thy naughty ones.

Mother Divine, draw aside Thy glittering veil of countless motion picture scenes, and show me Thy all-delusion-dispersing face of mercy.

10

Demand for the Opening of Spiritual Temple Doors everywhere

O Father, when I was blind I found not a door which led to Thee, but now that Thou hast opened my eyes I find doors everywhere: through the hearts of flowers, through the voice of friendship, through sweet memories of all lovely experiences. Every gust of my prayer opens a new door in the vast temple of Thy presence.

11

Prayer at Dawn

With the opening of the earliest dawn and the lotus-buds, my soul softly opens in prayer to receive Thy light. Bathe each petal of my mind with Thy radiant rays! I saturate myself with the perfume of Thy presence, and I wait to waft with the breeze the aroma of Thy message of love to all. Bless me, that with the spreading dawn I may spread Thy love everywhere. Bless me, that with the awakening dawn I may awaken all souls with my own and bring them to Thee.

12

Prayer at Noon

The sun shines high in the heavens: everything is fully awake. Awaken Thou me, likewise! Thou art invisible, yet Thine energy flows through the rays of sunshine. Fill my veins with Thine invisible rays, making me strong and tireless. As the sun shines in the busiest streets, so may I behold Thy rays of protecting love in the crowded places of my life's activities. As the light shines steadily, undisturbed, on the street, whether crowded or empty, so may I hold my calmness and my strength steadily while I move through the

crowded or empty streets of life. Give me strength. And what I receive, teach me to share with others.

13

Prayer at Eventide

The day is done. Refreshed and sanctified with the sunshine of the day I pass through the portals of evening, dimly adorned with faint stars, to enter into the temple of silence and worship Thee. I worship Thy Spirit of approaching calmness. What prayers can I offer? For I have no words to offer Thee. I shall light a little fire of devotion on the altar of my soul. Will that light suffice to bring Thee into my dark temple—my dimly lighted temple, dark with my ignorance? Come! I crave, I yearn for Thee!

14

Prayer at Night

With closed eyes I sit in the temple of night, and worship Thee. The sunlight, revealing a million alluring things, has vanished. One by one I have closed the doors of my senses lest the fragrance of the rose or the song of the nightingale distract my love from Thee. I am alone in this dark, dark temple. I have left everything—but, where art Thou? Darkness is haunting; still, unafraid, I am groping, seeking, crying for Thee. Wilt Thou leave me alone? Come, show Thyself!

The door of my memory swings open. Throbbingly thrilled, my heart looks for Thee, but I find Thee not. Halt! Ye thronging, million thoughts and past experiences: come not into my sacred temple! I close the bursting, thought-pressed door and run everywhere to find Thee. Ah! Where art Thou?

Darkness deepens. As I sit silent, in anguish of despair, I behold a little taper of concentration burning within me. I stand up mentally, and madly rush through the dimly lighted temple. The farther I go, the deeper grows the gloom. I clasp the empty darkness in hope of seizing Thee. Finding Thee not, I return again, and see the taper dimly burning.

I sing outwardly a loud prayer. My large teardrops and my strong gusts of prayer almost extinguish the taper. I will pray no more with words, nor rush and run about in the temple of Stygian darkness, nor drown the taper with my tears. I will sit still, and command my breath to make no sound. I rebuke my boisterous love for Thee.

The taper of meditation burns brighter now.

O, how maddening! I cannot worship Thee with words, but only with wistful yearning. Brighter the light grows: I behold Thee now. Thou art I. I worship Thee.

As night hides everything, so will I worship Thee in hidden silence.

I am glad with the joy of all minds. I will use the screen of the night to hide myself from the tempting things of the day.

O Night, when I am worried, throw thy veil of silent darkness around me. Create a dark temple for me wherever I go, that I may invoke and call Him, whom I love, at any time, anywhere, everywhere!

15

Prayer-demand before taking food

Heavenly Father, receive this food. Make it holy. Let no impurity of greed defile it. The food comes from Thee. It is to build Thy temple. Spiritualize it. Spirit to Spirit goes. We are the petals of Thy manifestation, but Thou art the Flower, its life, beauty, and loveliness. Permeate our souls with the fragrance of Thy presence.

16

Prayer-Demand for recharging the Body-Battery

O Conscious Cosmic Energy, Thou alone dost directly support my body. Solid, liquid, and gaseous foods are converted and spiritualized into energy by Thy cosmic energy. That energy supports my body. Help me to learn, O Spirit, to live more and more by direct cosmic energy, and less and less by food. Thine energy burns in the bulbs of my five senses. I recharge myself with Thine omnipresent, cosmic energy.

17

Prayer before practicing Concentration

Teach me, O Spirit, by meditation, to stop the storm of breath, the skipping of my mental restlessness, and all the sensory disturbances that rage on the lake of my mind. Let the magic wand of my intuition halt the gale of passions and unnecessary desires. In the rippleless lake of my mind, then, let me behold the undistorted reflection of the moon of my soul, glistening ever with the reflected light of Thy presence.

18

Demand for the Pearls of Wisdom, obtained in the Sea of Meditation

Divine Father, teach me to dive deep for the pearls of Thy wisdom in the ocean of meditation. Teach me to plunge headlong, protected in the diving suit of conscience, that the sharks of passion may not destroy me. If, by one or two divings, I find not Thy

wisdom-pearls, let me not call the sea of meditation devoid of any pearl of Thy wisdom. *Teach me, rather, to find fault with my own diving*. Teach me to dive again and again in meditation, deeper and deeper always, until I find Thine immortal pearls of wisdom and of joy divine.

19

Prayer for expanding Love from myself to all my brethren

O Divine Mother, teach me to use the gift of Thy love, which I feel in my heart, to love the members of my family more than myself. Bless me, that I may love my neighbors more than my family. Expand my heart's feelings, that I love my country more than my neighbors, and *my world* and all my human brethren more than my country, neighbors, family, and my own self.

Lastly, teach me to love Thee more than anything else, for it is only Thy love that enables me to love everything. Without Thee, I could not love anything or anybody.

Father Divine, teach me to enter through the portals of family love, and that of the love of my friends, into the mansion of wider social love. Teach me to pass from there through the doors of social love, and into the wider mansion of international love. Then teach me to pass through the portals of international love into the endless territory of divine love, wherein I perceive all animate and inanimate objects as breathing and living by Thy love alone.

Teach me to tarry not at any alluringly beautiful gate of family, social, or international love. Teach me to pass through all portals that lead to the smaller gardens of love until, passing through the last gate of human love, I enter into the endless territory of divine love where I shall find all living, semi-living, and sleeping things to be my very own.

20

A bouquet of all Loves of God

O God my Father, teach me to make a bouquet of the variously hued flowers of filial, conjugal, friendly, parental, and guru-disciple love, and to lay it reverently upon the altar of my heart, where Thou reignest supreme. If I am unable to tie all those flowers into one bouquet, I will pluck the rarest rose of love growing in the garden of my devotion, and lay that one flower at Thy feet. Oh! Wilt Thou receive it?

21

Prayer-Demand to the Holy Vibration for Omnipresence

O Holy Vibration, boom on the shores of my consciousness. Break the limiting boundary of my body-consciousness. Reverberate through my body, mind, and soul—through my surroundings, through all the cities and lands of this earth, through all the planets, throughout the universe and every atom-particle of Creation. Unite my consciousness with Thy cosmic consciousness.

22

Prayer-Demand for Self-realization

O Cosmic Vibration, reverberate through me as the Cosmic, Intelligent Sound. Teach me to find in Thee the presence of the reflected Christ consciousness. O Holy Vibration, lead me to intuit that Christ in Thee.

O omnipresent, cosmic sound of *Aum* (or Amen), reverberate through me, and expand my consciousness from this body to the

whole universe. Teach me to feel in Thee the all-permeating, perennial Bliss of the Supreme Spirit.

23

Prayer-Demand for removing the Cork of Ignorance

No more shall my consciousness remain bottled in this little vessel of flesh, corked with ignorance. No more will I remain moving through the sea of cosmic consciousness—night and day, years, decades, and how many incarnations!—so close, yet never able to contact Thy sea. Through the bursting vibration of cosmic sound and the surging of Thy holy name, I have removed the cork of ignorance which so long separated me from Thee, though we lived together so closely! Now my body-consciousness will meet Thy all-surrounding, all-pervading consciousness. No longer will I walk heedlessly, in Thee, but never knowing and feeling Thee. Thine image within me shall meet Thine image everywhere. By releasing the "I-ness" in me, I will know that I am Thou, and that Thou alone art the little egos of us all.

Invocations to the Manifestation of God in the Temples of Great Lives

24

My Guru

Thou light of my life—thou camest to spread wisdom's glow over the path of my soul. Centuries of darkness dissolved before the shafts of thy luminous help. As a naughty baby I cried for my Mother Divine, and She came to me as my Guru, Swami Sri Yukteswar. At that meeting, O my Guru, a spark flew from thee, and the faggots of my God-craving, gathered through incarnations, smouldered and blazed into bliss. All my questions have been answered with thy flaming, golden touch. Eternal, ever-present satisfaction has come to me through thy glory.

My Guru, thou voice of God, I found thee in response to my soul-cries. Slumbers of sorrow are gone, and I am awake in bliss.

If all the gods are displeased, yet thou art pleased, I am safe in the fortress of thy pleasure. And if all the gods protect me behind the parapets of their blessings, yet I receive not thy benedictions, I am an orphan left to pine spiritually in the ruins of thy displeasure. O Guru—thou didst bring me out of the bottomless pit of darkness into the paradise of peace.

Our souls met after years of waiting. They trembled with an omnipresent thrill. We met here, because we had met before.

Together we will fly to His shores, where we will smash our planes of finitude forever and vanish into infinite life.

I bow to thee as the spoken voice of silent God. I bow to thee as the divine door which leads to the temple of salvation. I bow to thee—to thy Master, Lahiri Mahasaya, harbinger of Yoga in Benares; and I lay the flowers of my devotion at the feet of Babaji, our supreme Master!

25

Come to me, O Christ, as the Divine Shepherd of Souls

O Christ—Thou rarest flower of hearts—Thou didst sail the storm-tossed lake of prejudiced minds. Its evil-scented, gloomy thought-waves lashed Thy lily-tender soul. They crucified Thee with their evil. Yet didst Thou shed on them the aroma of goodness and forgiveness, and help them to be purified by remorse to make them attractively sweet-scented with Thine all-loving Soul-Flower.

O Thou Great Lover of all error-torn brothers, an unseen monument of the mightiest miracle of love was established in every heart when the magic of Thy voice uttered: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Thou hast healed the cataract of hatred. We have now grown to see Thy truth: "Love thine enemies as thyself, for they are thy brothers—though sick and sleeping."

Thou hast taught us not to increase their fevered blows of hatred with the bludgeons of revenge. Thine undying sympathy has inspired us to heal our brothers, suffering in their delirium of anger, with the soothing salve of divine forgiveness.

Thy crucifixion reminds us of the *daily* crucifixion of our own fortitude by trials, of our wisdom by ignorance, of our self-

control by the scathing touch of temptation, and of our love by misunderstanding.

Thy test on the cross proved the victory of Divine Wisdom over ignorance, of Thy divine soul over flesh, of Thy happiness over pain, and of Thy love over hatred. So are we heartened to bear our own crosses bravely and with faith. Teach us, when we are crucified by harshness, to pour out only sweetness; to bear with calmness the assaults of worry; and to give understanding unceasingly to those who unjustly hate us.

O Shepherd of Souls, wandering hearts are seeking of themselves the one fold of divine devotion. We have heard the ever-calling music of Thy infinite kindness. Our one desire is to find our home in Thee, to receive the Cosmic Father with the joyous, open eyes of wisdom, and to know that all of us are sons of our own One God.

Teach us to conquer the Satan of dividing selfishness, which prevents the gathering of all our brother-souls into the one fold of Spirit.

Calling to one another by the watchword: "Love him who loves you, and love all who love you not," let us rally beneath the canopy of the universal oneness of the Christ. Amen.

26

Come to me as Krishna, the Divine Cowherd

O Krishna, Lord of Hindustan, I sorrowed by the lonely Jumna river, where Thy flute-notes thrilled the air and led lost calves to their divine home. O Lotus of Love, musing on the sad absence of Thy delusion-dispelling eyes, I saw Thine invisible Spirit take form, frozen by my devotion's frost.

Thy divine body of sky-blue light walked with feet of eternity on the banks of my mind, planting there the lasting footprints of divine realization. I am one of those lost calves which followed Thy flower-footprints on the shoals of time. Listening to the melody of Thy flute of wisdom, I now follow the middle path of calm activity by which Thou hast led many through the portals of their dark past into the Eternal Light.

Since all souls belong to Thy fold, whether we move forward, are sidetracked, or are hemmed in, unmoving, in the fogs of disbelief, O Divine Christ-na, lead us back to Thy enfolding shed of everlasting freedom. O Krishna, Thou reignest supreme on the heart-throne of all those who know Thy love.

27

Come to me as Swami Shankara

Swami Shankara, thou dazzling star soaring in wisdom's skies, thou hast shed thy light over many souls, long darkened by religious forms and formalities.

Many sheep of human darkness have fled before the leonine roar of thy Self-realization. With Christ thou hast sung: "I am He," "Thou art That," "I and my Father are One," to awaken us from our material sleep.

Thou first exponent of "matter is not what it appears to be," we pay all homage to thee.

O Swami of Swamis, thou didst teach us to behold the one ocean of Spirit hidden beneath all the rising, sinking, and dissolving waves of finitude.

Thou didst sing to us, not of a God who is gloom-faced or revengeful, a stern judge of our every fault, but of One whose face wears an aureole of all-alluring smiles. Thou hast shown us

the secret of plucking blossoms of laughter from all hearts, and how to arrange them in the vase of our souls as a bouquet of celestial joy.

Our smiling lives were raised, like dancing waves, on thy sea of light. In thy one, oceanic joy many lives dance. And at the lull of desire's storm, back into thy undying Bliss shall we all merge again.

O Shankara, many have beheld the sea of Spirit dancing in thy smiles: We all bow to thee!

28

Come to me as Moses

O Moses, thou prince of prophets! Thy wisdom's power has led many souls out of the desert of sorrow to the smiling Promised Land of joy.

The lips of thy life have whispered to us the secret way, setting ablaze the bushes of our souls' darkness with the fire of wisdom, that in its glow we may behold God's face of mercy.

In the "burning-bush" of love, God saw thee, thy face wet with trickling tears of kindness to all, and behold, He said:

"Let My ten angels of heaven escort thee to earth, to blow My Ten Commandments in silence through the trumpets of all times, declaring the march of My invisible army of divine qualities which will do battle with the Satan of human darkness, and his allies of sin, error, untruth, and all their gloom-drunken soldiers."

O Moses, thou torch-bearer of salvation, many soldier-souls have set out to join thee in thy ceaseless march through the dark night of time. With thee they would fight the forces of gloom and ignorance.

O God-loving Moses, teach us to fight weakness with power. We will worship the God of Gods, reigning on the throne of all hearts—the One God of all things in existence!

29

Come to me as Mohammed

O Mohammed, thou flaming Child of God! in the bright luster of thy martial, celestial song many found courage for their chivalrous souls, eager as they were to rescue the damsel, knowledge, from the tyrant of soul-darkness.

None but divine warriors could ever win the battle between inner peace and the outer weaknesses of lustful pleasure. Therefore alone have thy soldiers dipped rapiers of shining goodness into the heart of poisonous evil, enlightening its inner, soul life.

Mohammed, iconoclast of all matter-reminding idols, thou didst teach the worship of the One Formless God, beyond all distorting dreams of symbols and forms.

Mohammed, thy teachings warned men not to stray into dry pastures of earthly sense-lusts, but to graze in rich fields of the immortal mind.

Thy followers are drawn to thee as the mortal enemy of sense-drugging, thought-devastating, God-banishing liquors and opiates. Thou didst teach that the lust for wine of the grape is man's misguided craving for the real Wine extracted from the winepress of sincere, regular *Namaz*, bowing before God.

Mohammed, thy lighthouse, the *Koran*, has guided many stray soul-ships safely past underwater rocks of sin, and led them, undamaged, to His shore.

Thou didst teach by thy example, through occasional fasting and through eliminating the grosser foods, inviting the Spirit to descend onto the altar of refinement and soul-nectar.

Mohammed, with the beat of war-drums saying *Allah Ho Akbar*, "God is Supreme," help me to drive away from my life the Satan of matter-immersion.

May thy war-songs of spiritual power overcome the forces of frailty and all limitation when they invade our hearts.

30

Come to me as Buddha

O Buddha, thy golden sermon of mercy ran like revivifying water through rocky gorges of gloomy hearts, illuminating their darkness.

Thou lofty soarer in renunciation's skies, before thy God-lifted eyes the kingdom of sense-comfort was overrun by monks and nuns preaching inner freedom. Swollen rivers of greed; vast, lust-scorched deserts of desire; tall trees of temporal ambition; cactus plants of prickly worries: all melted into smallness, then to invisibility.

Buddha, the arc-light of thy sympathy sought to melt the hardness of cruel hearts. Thou didst even save a lamb once, by offering thyself in its stead.

Thy solemn thoughts even now roam silently through the ether of all minds, searching for ecstasy-tuned hearts. Seated under the *bodhi* tree, thou madest a solemn tryst with the Spirit:

> "Beneath this sacred bough,
> On my seat of dedication
> I take this solemn vow:
> Let derma, bones, and fragile flesh dissolve,
> But until life's mystery I solve
> And find that all-coveted, Priceless Truth,
> From this spot shall I never, never stir:
> Oh, nevermore!"

Thou symbol of sympathy, incarnation of mercy, give us thy great will power that we may seek the truth as determinedly as didst thou. Bless us that, like thee, we may awaken to seek remedy for the sorrow-throbs of all others, as we seek it for ourselves.

Prayers for Universality

3 1

Prayer-Demand asking God to be the President of the United States of the World

Our Father, President of the United States of planets, galaxies, stellar systems, and universes, Thy democratic rule of free choice and individual evolution is bringing Thy citizen-children nearer and nearer to Thy high ideals.

Born in Thy states of democratic free will, we inherited our celestial birthright of eternal, everlasting freedom. But, alas! we squandered that inheritance, though receiving it would have meant attaining omnipresence, and imprisoned ourselves in debt-consciousness behind bars of sense-enjoyment, evil deeds, selfishness, and small-minded, narrow patriotism.

Teach us, Father, to melt the fancy-frozen boundaries of family, society, and national identity with the warmth of our love and understanding.

Bless us, O all-wise Father, that we may live in a United States of the World with Thee as our President, elected for eternity by the free choice of all good citizen-qualities of our hearts, ruling ourselves through our own self-clarifying discrimination.

Teach us to enrich our souls, our abundance, and our understanding by broadening the circle of our patriotism to include

all earth's inhabitants, of every caste, creed, position in society, and color.

O Cosmic President, bless us that we obey Thy laws of life, and respect with kindly hearts the freedom of all Thy children, fellow citizens with us: not only the good, but the error-intoxicated—even the animals, birds, and fishes, the frail flowers, the mute grasses and jungle weeds, low crushed by the tread of cruel, unheeding feet.

32

Prayer-demand: Make me anything: a Christian or a Hindu — anything to realize Thee

Let me be Christian, Jew, Hindu, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Sufi: I care not what be my religion, race, creed, or color, if only I can win my way to Thee! But let me be none of these if that identity enmeshes me in an enclosing net of religious or social formalities. Let me travel the royal high road of realization which leads to Thee. If I am traveling on some bypath of religion, lead me onto the one common highway of realization which leads straight to Thee.

Send me the sunshine of Thy wisdom, that it lead me to the morning of my growing powers; and send me the moon of Thy mercy to guide me rightly, if ever I am lost in the dark night of sorrow.

33

Demand to travel by the one Highway of Realization

Our One Father, we are traveling by many true paths toward Thy one abode of Light. *Show us the one highway of common real-*

ization, where all bypaths of theological beliefs meet. Make us feel that the diverse religions are branches of Thy one tree of truth. Bless us, that we enjoy the intuition-tested, ripe, luscious fruits of self-knowledge hanging from the many branches of true scriptural teachings. In Thy one temple of silence we all sing to Thee a chorus of many-voiced religions. Teach us to chant in harmony with Thy love's manifold expressions, that our chorus of souls rouse Thee to break Thy vow of cosmic silence and lift us onto Thy lap of universal, immortal understanding.

Miscellaneous Demands

(In this group you will find demands for prosperity, efficiency, wisdom, for dispelling of fear and anger, and for meeting many other conditions that occur in daily life.)

34

Make me Thy Butterfly of Eternity

I have burnt my past, destroying every seed of evil destiny. I have stridden bravely through the strewn ashes of my past and future fears.

I am the Eternal NOW, having torn to shreds my enclosing cocoon of ignorance with the sharp knife of free will.

Now I am Thy soaring butterfly of eternity, flitting freely through immeasurable skies of time. The beauty of my wings I spread out through Nature everywhere, to entertain all beings. My wings are sprinkled with suns and stardust. Lo! I am beautiful! May every silken thread that shrouded my past folly be severed forever. See! They trail now behind me, only adding to my beauty as I wing my way to my own Self in Thee.

35

I will not offer unto Thee mind-made, hothouse Songs

I will sing a song uninfluenced by the voice of any other. I will offer Thee my own pristine heart-melodies.

I will sing Thee a song unheard by any. I have nurtured this song-child myself; now I bring it to Thee for higher training.

I will offer Thee no intellectual, premeditated, art-disciplined song. What I will offer Thee are the wild songs of my heart. I will offer Thee not civilized, emotion-packed music or artfully cultivated song-flowers, but wild blossoms that grow on the high hills of my soul.

36

Prayers on the Beads of Love

I tell my prayers on the beads of love, strung with my devotion. I direct them beyond all names—God, Spirit, Brahma, Christ, Shankara, Krishna, Buddha, Mohammed—for all names are Thine. And I shun no name, for I know Thou dwellest in all forms.

In Thy cosmic dramas on the stage of time, and in Thy myriad acting roles, Thou hast assumed innumerable names. Behind them all, too, I know Thy one, changeless name: Eternal, Conscious, Self-existent Bliss.

Many times have I played with Thee. Many songs of Thine have I sung. On the ocean-bosom of Thy eternal life I've been nurtured by Thee as a tiny drop of life. I remember Thy warm touch through the centuries whenever, feeling the chill of separation, I turned homeward to Thee. Again, in this daylight of remembrance, let me play with Thee. Let me sing Thy songs.

37

Hover, O Mighty Spirit, over the Minaret of my Expectations

Into the temple of peace come Thou, O God of joy! Into the shrine of my devotion, come!

O Bliss-God! Sanctify the sanctuary of my goodness by Thy presence.

O mighty Allah, hover above Thy solitary minaret of waiting expectations. Lo! the mosque of my mind exudes the frankincense of perfect stillness.

Come, Lord! I am listening for the silent tread of Thy footsteps. In the temple of my self-unfoldment I await Thy coming.

Into the invisible temple of my prayer, built of shining, crystal blocks of devotion, come Thou daily and receive the humble offerings of my heart, renewed constantly by love.

38

The Bee of my Mind loves to drink from Thy Blue Lotus Feet

O Divine Mother, the bee of my mind is ever engrossed in Thy lotus feet of blue light. It drinks the honey of Thy motherly love. This bee will drink no other honey but that which is graced by Thy perfume-sweetness.

O Divine Mother, flying over the gardens of my fancy, denying myself the honey of lesser pleasures, I have found at last the ambrosia buried in Thy lotus-heart.

I have been Thy busy bee. I have soared through the fields of many incarnations, breathing the airs of countless experiences. I will roam now no more: Thy fragrance has quenched at last the perfume-thirst of my soul.

39

May I serve the cocktail of God-Intoxication in the homes of the rich

In Thy temples, when many come to pray, I take God-intoxication from their eyes. I blend them together into a cocktail of devotion. I serve that nectar to my thirsty thoughts, and they drink and drink, forgetting all their wounds and worries.

In the home of the materially rich but spiritually poor, I serve only this magic cocktail. I pour it into their dry vessels, empty of generosity, with my heart's good-will and sincerity.

I pray that all who drink this nectar may become so intoxicated with inner bliss that they forget their slumber of ignorance forevermore.

40

May I seize Thee at Eternity's end?

O Thou Thief of Hearts, the rays of joy spreading in the firmament of my inner silence heralded the promise of Thine approach.

Many nights in twinkling garments, many dawns donning green veils of glittering, dewy pearls, many twilights dancing in cadence with cow-bells, many years decked with spring-blossoms, summer-zephyrs, diamond-icicles, and shining garments of fluttering rain that blushed with joyous expectancy: all waited for Thee in the bower of memory.

But the wolf of time stole upon Thy devotees; now they are no more, and I am left alone—all alone—and love for fickle festivities has flown. Yet will I travel with the ever-roaming hours in search

of Thy path. I mind not if I must wait even a thousand millennia, for I know I shall catch Thee, O Thief of Hearts, sometime, at eternity's end!

41

Wake me, that I may know that the terrors of mundane delusion are only Dreams

Wrapped in the blanket of hope I slept long. I dreamed I was sitting on a throne, my face wreathed in smiles. My smiles withered, and the petals of my merriment dropped away one by one. Suddenly I beheld myself in rags. Seated on the hard stones of poverty I wept, and my teardrops fell on the unheeding, unrelenting stones of my present circumstances.

The world passed me by in mocking silence. I cried out for Thy help, and Thou didst wake me at last through the force of my desperation. I laughed to find myself at last neither rich nor poor, but safe forever in Thy arms.

Oh! Waken all anxious souls from their dreams of smiling opulence and crying poverty.

O Maker of dream-worlds, deliver me forever from the nightmares of disease and death!

Wake me to immortality! Wake me to unshaken calmness, that I may know the fierce terrors of mundane delusion to be only dreams.

42

I Demand to return Home

Impediments, beware! Flee my path! I am homeward bound. Through the long corridors of time, stumbling often into pits of

error, then lifted out by Thy unseen hand, I have walked painfully. Discouraging darkness, barbed-wire fences of habit, stoney embankments of indolence, mountains of indifference, oceans of unfaithfulness, sirens of sense-longing may stand even now in my path, as if to prevent my onward march to Thy palace; but a million kingdoms and sextillions of years of unblemished worldly happiness will never tempt me again to turn away from Thee.

43

Make me a lion of Thy all-conquering Wisdom

I, a lion-cub of the Divine Mother, found myself thrown into life among the sheep of human frailties: of fear, failure, and disease. Living long among them, I learned to bleat with weakness, forgetting my lion-nature and its roars, which could frighten away all petty, pestering sorrows.

O Lion of Realization, Thou didst drag me away from those bleating sheep to the mirror-smooth waters of meditation. There didst Thou cry, "Gaze!" But I held my eyes tightly shut, bleating with fear. Thy roar of wisdom then reverberated through my body. Thou madest me, by hard shaking and spiritual urging, open my eyes. And there, lo! in the crystal pool of my inner peace, I saw my features to be even as Thine own!

Now I know myself as the Lion of cosmic power. I will bleat no more with fear, weakness, and suffering, for I roar, now, with vibrant, almighty power! I bound about through the forest of all experiences, seizing little creatures of vexing worries, timid fears, and wild hyenas of disbelief, devouring them ruthlessly.

O Lion of Immortality, roar through me Thine all-conquering power of wisdom!

44

I am Thy Bird of Paradise, wishing to fly in Thy Astral Airplane

Thy astral airplane of parting came to take my soul away from this earth. I wondered through what strange skies I would soar now, and to what lands I would travel.

I asked the mystic Pilot, Cosmic Law, whither I was to go. That Silent One answered soundlessly:

"I am the Pilot of Life, mistakenly called Terrible Death by ignorant earth-folk. I am thy brother, uplifter, redeemer, friend—unloader of every gross burden of bodily troubles. I have come to fetch thee away from thy valley of broken dreams to the highlands of light, where poisonous vapors of sorrow never rise.

"I have broken mercifully thy cage of flesh-attachment that thy soul-bird may escape. I have broken thy chains of disease and fear. Thy long encasement behind bars of bones accustomed thee to thy little cage, making thee cling to it fearfully even when I opened its door. Yet, in thy heart, thou didst want thy freedom always. Why, now, art thou fear-filled, having won thy long-craved freedom?

"O bird of paradise! hop into My plane of omnipresence! Fold now thy fluttering wings and ride with Me peacefully, anywhere, everywhere in thine ethereal home!"

45

Come into the Garden of my Dreams

In the garden of my dreams grew many dream-blossoms. All the rarest flowers of my fancy bloomed there. Unopened buds of

earthly hopes audaciously opened their petals to the fulfillment they anticipated, warmed by the light of my dreams. In that dim glow I spied the specters of beloved, long-forgotten faces, ghosts of dear, dead feelings long buried in the soil of my mind, rising, all of them, in shining robes. I beheld all my past experiences resurrected by the trumpet-call of my dream-thoughts.

O King of all my dreams and of countless worlds in Thy garden of dream-galaxies! Let me be a tiny star twinkling by Thy side as a beloved dream in Thy chamber of cosmic dreams. Or, if I be not a star-bead strung on the garland of Thy dreams, then let me have the humblest place at the heart of all Thy dreams.

In the chamber of Thy heart shall I behold the making of all the noble dreams of life. O Master Weaver of Spells, teach me to make a many-hued carpet of them for all to walk upon who love Thy pattern of dreams, as they travel to the temple of eternity beyond all dreams. Let me join worshipping choirs of angels and, with them, offer on Thy altar of Infinity a bouquet of all shining dreams of Thee.

46

Let me feel that Thou and I art One

When the sparks of cosmic creation flew from under Thy crucible of love, I danced with all the lights that heralded the coming of a myriad worlds. I am a little spark of Thy joyous, cosmic fire. O Thou sun of life! as Thy nectar poured into the little cups of human minds filled with molten liquid of vital sparks, they thought to contain Thy golden infinity in the smallness of their human feelings.

In each fragile, undulating mirror of human flesh I see reflected Thy restless dance of omnipresent power. In the lambent waters of life I behold Thy ever-steady, almighty life.

Teach me, Christlike, by the power of concentration to still the restless storms of desire raging on the lake of my mind. Stilling those waters, I lovingly behold Thy unruffled face of cosmic stillness. Cause the little wave of my life to subside, that Thy consciousness in me spread out to become Thine own vastness.

Let me feel my heart throbbing in Thy breast, my feet moving with Thy energy, Thy breath breathing through mine, Thy energy actively moving my arms, Thy thoughts weaving all the thoughts in my brain. When I cry, Thy soft sigh within me wakens me to Thy joy. In Thy playfulness, little bubble-visions of Thy Creation float dancingly in the chamber of my dreams, which manifest in my sleep of delusion.

Thy meteoric will courses through the skies of my own will power. Make me feel that it is Thou who art I. Oh make me Thyself, that I behold my little bubble of self ever floating in Thee!

47

Rock me in the Cradle of all Space

Rocked in the cradle of the blue-colored past, bright-colored present, and dim, grey-colored future I, Thy child of eternity, am restless.

I strained ineffectually the feet of my power. At last I succeeded in jumping out from duality's cradle of delusion. Thou hast caught me in Thy infinite arms to rock me in all space.

I am Thy babe of eternity, safe now in the cradle of Thy omnipresent bosom.

48

May the Niagara of my Joys inundate all hearts

May the Niagara Falls of my heart's joy pour unceasingly upon all I meet. May that flooding power drown their difficulties. Let their melancholia then be calmed to contentment by moonbeams of my bliss.

Oh! I will be a tornado of laughter, lifting up and destroying superstructures of sorrow, sweeping over endless miles of suffering egos. I will churn up and blow away the troubles from all hearts!

In lightning-flashes of my mirth I will swiftly expose to view the panorama of Thy beauty, so long obscured in the nocturnal darkness of unseeing, uncaring minds.

Bless me, that by a single shaft of my light the gathering gloom of ages, nurtured in the dark corners of human minds, be put to flight. Through Thy grace, even one sudden flash of wisdom will dispel the accumulations of dark error, though it lasted countless millions of years.

49

Make me the Lark of Life, looking only for Thy Rain

I am Thy lark of life, flitting through Thy skies of cosmic delight, thirstily looking upward for every raindrop of Thy inspiration. Filter through the heavy, dark clouds of limited awareness, and shower on all the reminders of Thy omnipresence.

I will savor attentively every raindrop of perception that touches my parched, craving tongue. I will drink Thy inspirations deeply into myself, and will welcome any drenching by Thy raindrops of outer happiness that gently fall upon my frail, sense-driven body.

My age-long thirst will cease only when Thy touch has cooled my inner craving, and soothed the upward-straining ardor in my body. The storm of hopeless despondency has yielded to the raindrops of Thy peace. Softly, now, they moisten my long-withered being. Now will I flit everywhere, singing songs of my contentment.

Oh! Make me Thy lark, seeking no other drink but Thy solace, sprinkling down from the heaven of Thy presence everywhere.

50

Make me a Smile-Millionaire

O Silent Laughter—smile Thou through my soul. Let my soul smile through my heart. And let my heart smile through my eyes.

O Prince of Smiles! Be Thou enthroned beneath the canopy of my countenance, safe in the castle of my sincerity, where no rebel hypocrisy can lurk to destroy Thy presence in me.

Make me a smile-millionaire, that I may scatter Thy rich smiles freely upon sad hearts everywhere!

51

Save us from the net of Matter-Attachment

The fisherman of change has cast over us a net of cosmic delusion. We are swimming in confined waters, falsely confident in our seeming safety. Yet the net of death closes in upon us relentlessly. At every haul of the dragnet of delusion many are caught, and only a scattered few escape. Ah, but at long last I leaped out into deep-sea spaces of silent communion. Thus, finally, did I escape the net of time.

O Measureless Mercy, save me, and all my brothers, from this fearful, all-seizing, but unseen net of matter-attachment.

52

O King of all our ambitions, open the doors of Noble Aspirations in the Mansion of our Souls

Open our heart-bud to Thy love and let the fragrance of our love escape its prison of ego to merge in Thee. On winds of cosmic perception may our fragrance be swept to Thy temple of infinity.

O King of all true ambition, throw open wide Thy windows everywhere: in the red cloud at sunset; in the rosy, glad clouds at dawn; in every charm-clad dream of human hopes. Open the doors of all noble aspirations that lead out from our ego-mansions onto the vast panorama of Thy Bliss.

Let our fragrance blow with Thy breath, reminding all Nature of Thy unseen presence.

53

Save me from shipwreck on my Ocean of Dreams

I was shipwrecked on the storm-tossed ocean of mere dreams. My vessel of happiness was shattered utterly. Struggling, I tried to swim through those tossing waves of sadness and suffering. Then, suddenly, a little raft of hope, wafted to me by Thy winds of mercy, came floating to me! I grasped it—and held on! Little by little, floating thereon, I touched at last upon the golden isle of peaceful silence. Nymphs of Thy blessings met me and took me to Thy

safe presence of eternal reassurance, beyond all waves of false, rising hopes and crashing disappointments.

5 4

Tune us, that we may hear Thy Voice

Volumes of Thy savior voice resound through the loudspeaker of every loving heart. The voice of Thy wisdom roams through the ether of space, seeking everywhere hearts that are tuned to ecstasy.

Sadly, Thy warning sermons pass unheard by souls deafened with the static of sense pleasures.

O Divine Broadcaster, tune our souls, long distracted by the static of our indifference. "Fine tune" us with the delicate touch of soul-perception. Grant us the privilege of hearing Thy magic melodies in the ecstasy of divine awakening!

5 5

I want to build a Rainbow-Bridge of Self-realization

The gulf of ages lay between Thee and me, widening as the waters of my oblivion of Thee grew through centuries.

I stand on this rocky shore of matter, gazing out over the gulf, hoping to see, beyond, Thy smooth shores of peace. My inner thought-architects will build for me a bridge of constant remembrance of Thee. The strong, mental girders of self-control, now, are being riveted together.

My dreams of Thee gather to make a rainbow-bridge of Self-realization over which, very soon, I will reach Thy shore.

56

Make me Silent, that I may eloquently converse with Thee

Wandering through forests of incessant searching, I arrived at the mystery door which conceals Thy presence. I knocked loudly on this door of silence, with persistent blows of faith. At last, the door opened and I beheld Thee, resting, on Thy altar of glorious visions.

I stood with restless gaze, waiting for Thee to speak. Thy creation-making voice was inaudible. At last a deep stillness stole upon me and taught me in whispers the language of angels. With the lisping voice of my new-born freedom I tried to speak. Suddenly the lights in Thy temple wrote brilliantly in letters of light.

In my little chamber of quietness I am ever at rest. I never speak now, but with the voice of silence. Through my silence, O Divine Lover, converse Thou eloquently with me.

57

Teach me to use every dig of criticism to bring myself nearer to Thy Fountain of Goodness in me

Teach me to sport every scar of trials as a medal of Thy chastisement, dusky at first but now shining. Thy sacred hands were the giver, working through Thy ever-just law. Let therefore every teardrop of sorrow caused by the actions of others wash away some hidden taint in my mind.

Let every stroke of the pickaxe of wounding experience dig deeper and deeper into the soil of my understanding. Let every hurtful strike of circumstance into the soil of my comfort bring

me nearer to the bubbling well of Thy solace in my heart. Let every gash of others' hatred bring forth from me a loving cry for Thy love. Let all my trials be antidotes for bitterness, to bring healing solace to my soul. Let others' unkindness inspire me to be more beautifully kind. Let their darkness not blind me, too, but stimulate me to seek Thy light. Let their harsh words remind me to use sweet words always. And let every bruise from stones of evil that are hurled at me intensify my inner fortitude, that I bless all with my goodness.

Inspire me to be like a jasmine vine, which sheds flowers on those who administer axe-blows to its roots. May I never fail to shower blossoms of help and forgiveness on all who try to cut me with their wickedness.

58

Teach me to fish for Thee in the deep waters of my Soul

I sought to catch Thee in the deep waters of superconsciousness. Little fishes of inspiration nibbled at my bait of meditation.

My concentration bobbed, but every time I pulled I missed Thee.

I baited the hook of my meditation with the tasty spice of love: the little fishes tugged, and I watched them do so with attentive zeal. Lo! my mind's float vanished beneath Thy waves of bliss.

O Colossal Denizen of my consciousness! I pulled at Thee, and with a bound Thou didst leap to the shores of my heart. Teach me to fish for Thee ever in the deepest waters of my soul.

59

Make me remember that Virtuous Ways are more charming than vicious ones

Teach me, O Spirit, not to discern the laws of virtue with dread, but with love. Teach me to remember that virtue, though sometimes difficult to follow at the start, becomes easy and self-fulfilling when I obey its laws, and adorns me finally with Thy laurel of happiness. Teach me to remember that evil, though it promises a little pleasure at the beginning, always brings great sorrow in the end.

Teach me to love the ways of virtue, which guide me to my own highest interest and highest good. Help me to shun vicious action, which is ever injurious to my true interest. Implant in me those wholesome habits which enable me always to perceive virtuous ways as more charming than vicious ones.

Help me to remember that virtue, though sometimes bitter-tasting at first, becomes nectar eventually; and that evil, though its taste seems sweet at the beginning, becomes poison at the end.

60

I will broadcast my Voice with the Chorus of Thy Songs

With the soft finger-touches of my soul-intuition, I tuned the radio of my inner perception. At first I caught only the sounds of nearby experience. Then came a symphony of inner harmony, followed by sweet strains from my heart's orchestra of finer feelings. And then came the swelling chorus of my age-long cravings for Thee. All these I caught on the radio of my soul as I kept tuning my perception, waiting to catch the whispers of Thy voice, O Guardian Angel of all souls!

With infinite patience I went on tuning my radio. At last, when I was almost prepared to give up further trying, Thy song burst upon my heart. Oh! let me broadcast through my every word, now, the chorus of Thy songs.

61

Teach me to store honey of good qualities from all Soul-Flowers in the honeycomb of my Heart

In the summer days of life, teach me to gather honey from the flowers of all spiritual qualities that blossom in the garden of truthful souls.

I will store the perfume of forgiveness in the honeycomb of my heart: the lotus fragrance of humility; myrrh-scented devotion; the rare honey of all soul-qualities. And even though the snowflakes of wintry experiences and earthly separations whirl about me, I shall seek Thee in the honeycomb of my heart where often I have found Thee, stealing the stored honey of my devotion.

Wherever Thou hast come—in every place hallowed by Thy feet—I will lie, touching Thy footprints. Ah! there alone will I find a place of true safety.

62

Teach me, though crushed by Criticism, to return always Sweet Forgiveness

Teach me to behave like the orange which, though crushed and bitten, never fails to impart its sweetness. Battered by unkindness, gnawed at by carping criticism, or hewn with hard words and

cruel behavior, teach me yet to pour out unceasingly the sweetness of love.

Teach me to be like soap-flakes which, when rubbed and beaten, give out only cleansing foam. Tried and tested by ingratitude, teach me nevertheless to offer, in return, the snow-white foam of wisdom.

6 3

Spiritualize all our Thoughts and Ambitions

O Infinite Alchemist, spiritualize our weaknesses into strength, and our wrong thoughts into right thoughts. Grow Thou a flower of divine understanding from every seed of activity. With the magic wand of foresight, given by Thee, teach us to transmute the ugly imps of selfish ambition into fairies of all-serving, noble aspirations. Train, Lord, each stallion of desire to become a champion racing for Thine abode. Transform our base ignorance into the gold of wisdom, that it become a liquid stream of spiritual gold, rushing steadily to Thy shore.

6 4

Teach us not to follow the Will-o'-the-Wisp of False Happiness

Through the long night of error we pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of false happiness. Gloom led only to deeper gloom; our feet, struggling to follow the path of progress, often slipped into ruts and struggled through marshes of disillusionment. The deceiving

elmo's fire of passions lures many people to their doom. Thousands are sucked down into the bog of sense satiety.

O Divine Friend, extinguish with Thy breath this false light of destructive glee which has so often misled Thy children, headed for Thy home. Light instead Thy beacon of holy radiance, that every eager child-pilgrim safely reach Thy home.

6 5

May the showers of Thy love flood through the walls of Color, Class, and Race-Prejudice

The kingdom of my mind is cluttered with the trash of delusion. Pour down showers of Thy power, that my capital city, Discrimination, be no longer mud-strewn due to spiritual carelessness. Send streams of mercy inundating and washing away the filth of ignorance within myself. Let the downpouring of Thy love cleanse dirty streets of race, color, and class prejudice. Bathe my untidy children of lingering prejudice in the waters of Thy wisdom.

Cover every dark path of my life with rose-carpets of Thy love. Inhaling Thy fragrance, and treading softly on a cushion of blossoms, I will run with hastening footsteps to Thy palace of perfection.

6 6

Burn Thou my frailties in the furnace of trials

In the furnace of trials the ore of my life is being purified. The fire of experience melts away all my delusion's dross. O Divine Artisan, burn away all my impurities; bring out in me the steel of

endurance, and hone it to a fine edge by deep calmness. Forge in me, from the tempered steel of mental balance, sharp swords of self-control and firm tenacity. With the weapon of inner equilibrium, teach me to fight every enemy of distraction.

6 7

The Caravan of my Prayers is moving toward Thee

The caravan of my prayers is moving toward Thee. In the eyes of kindness I behold glimmers of Thy mercy. Even the bare trees of dark lives flicker with a myriad glow-worms of Thy shining life. The caravan of my prayers has been working its way slowly through dry wastes of arid doubts and furious sand-storms of despondency. Yet, at last, far-off glimpses of Thy oasis of silent assurance have roused me in my drooping efforts. Eagerly I await the moment when I can dip into Thy revivifying water my parched, thirsty lips of faith, and there drink deeply from Thy well of bliss.

6 8

Save us from the bait of Modern Comforts

We were goldfish swimming happily in waters of peace, when the bait of name, fame, and superficial friendship lured us. Some of us nibbled at the bait; others fled at its sight. But alas, some swallowed the hook of worldly allure and deceptive sense-pleasure, and were pulled out onto the shores of satiety. There they fluttered with sadness, weakened by dry indifference, and expired finally, lacking the breath of Thy inner satisfaction.

69

May I reap the greatest Harvest in the short season of this Earth Life

My allotted plot of consciousness was small. Carelessly I let it grow barren; it produced no crops of inner, life-sustaining culture. Now the bleak winter of dead opportunities approaches with its pall of unproductivity.

My lot is small, and my life's season is short, yet now I would produce a mighty harvest. I will expand my kingdom of will power. To do so, I must conquer new states of consciousness, enlarge my achievements, and outgrow, in consciousness, every limiting horizon.

But, O Father Divine, there are billions of my hungry thought-families and their little ones to feed! And, for them, I need a big harvest during this short season of my earth-life.

The irrigating waters of my craving many times grew dry, while my soil of inner culture was left undeveloped. Now I will work all the harder, using the machinery of scientific technique in my search for Thee.

O Divine Sower, with Thine unseen hand throw Thy living seeds of inspiration into the cultivated furrows of my awakened resolution.

In this short, remaining season of my earthly life let me reap the largest harvest of all: Thy cosmic vision!

70

Make me the Eagle of Progress

Make me an eagle of progress, soaring far above narrow lanes of bigotry. Call me to soar ever higher and higher, far above all clouds of earthly pettiness.

With the sharp talons of my soul I will tear at the little squabbling birds of misery, which prey upon mankind. I will free my mind's skies from the buzzards of cynicism which prey on carcasses of dead hopes.

I will soar on balanced wings of wholesome living, high up into the finest regions of divine perception. High above the hurricanes of earthly preoccupation, I will soar higher and higher to those unimagined heights where Thou alone dost dwell.

Make me Thy eagle of ever-upward progress.

71

Flood me with Thy Omnipresent Love

O Fountain of love, flood the lowlands of our love for home and family with Thy omnipresent love. O Mighty Source of all our rivers of desire, teach us not to cut ourselves off from Thee, hunting on dry sands of sense-satisfaction.

Love is our souls' birthright! We demand, now, that all the rivers of our cravings be redirected through valleys of humility, eager self-sacrifice, and concern for others until, reinforced by Thy torrential blessings, they merge in the ocean of all fulfillment in Thee.

Bless us, that the rivulets of our sympathy, affection, and love lose not themselves in the sands of dreary selfishness.

Let the little, lonely, separately-moving streamlets of our love, which come from Thee, merge at last in the vastness of Thy perfect Love.

72

O Divine Sculptor, Chisel Thou my Life

Every sound that I make, let it have the vibration of Thy voice. Every thought that I think, let it be saturated with the consciousness of Thy presence.

Let every feeling that I have glow with Thy love. Let every act of my will be impregnated with Thy divine vitality. Let every thought, every expression, every ambition, be ornamented by Thee.

O Divine Sculptor, chisel Thou my life according to Thy design!

73

Keep the Compass Needle of my Attention ever pointing toward Thee

Whether soaring through the sky encased in a steel air-cage, or drawn o'er the land by snorting iron steeds, or moving easily over smooth highways on rubber wheels, or having my very thoughts paralyzed by the pounding din of assembly lines, the compass needle of my attention will ever keep turning toward Thy magnetic North Pole of divine love.

Beaten by winds of happenstance, drenched by cloudbursts of misery, sucked down in the mud of soul-enmeshing, ego-whipped activity, or wandering lost in jungles of confusion, my mind will yet ever reach out for Thy guiding touch.

The raft of my life, tossed about helplessly by the driving storms of need, was drifting toward rocks of insatiable desire.

O Polestar in our wisdom-skies, Thy twinkling light beckoned and directed me toward Thy shores of eternal contentment.

Though countless mechanisms pound, twist, or stretch my anguished nerves, yet will the homing pigeon of my love wing its way peacefully toward its true home in Thee.

74

Be Thou the General in my invasion of Ignorance

I bled, spreading Thy name, and for Thy name's sake I will ever bleed. With bloody limbs, broken body, wounded features, and bearing the thorn-crown of derision—yet like a mighty warrior will I fight undismayed, even there where the skirmish is thickest.

With the sword of calmness I will stand firm against the hands of persecution. My disciplined armies of true aspiration, blowing trumpets in Thy name, now march in triumph to seize the dark kingdom of God-denying souls.

No matter how many blows I receive, and no matter how often the swords of persecution pierce my heart, I am content in the realization that Thou knowest my craving to spread Thy name. I will wear my tribulations not as scars, but as medals given for courage, and as inspirations to strive ever harder in my fight against ignorance. O Lord! help me conquer darkness with Thy golden message of light.

Be Thou, ever, the General in my invasion of the continent of ignorance!

75

Make me see that I am but an actor in Thy Cosmic Motion Picture

Beholding the ever-changing sound-and-motion-pictures of life, I am aware that this turbulent dancing show is only a vast illusion.

The tragedies, comedies, and paradoxes of life; the dreams of birth and death; the changing scenes and places that surge round

us: all these are nothing but movies, designed to engage us in the Cosmic Illusion.

O Divine Operator, with Thy cosmic vibratory light Thou dost show us ever-new thrills: a motion picture true to all our five senses, keeping us amused and entertained through sight, sound, smell, taste, and touch. O Magic Operator, Thy true-seeming spectacle beams daily onto the screens of our consciousness.

I take it as Thy grace that I've been chosen to play both tragic and comic parts in Thy drama. I am happy to have acted all those parts, both of sorrow and of joy. Still, Father, give me now and then a few days of respite from my task! Let me retire to my closet of introspection, stand before my own thought-audiences, and behold with laughing heart all the tragedies and comedies I have enacted.

Teach me to look upon all that happens in my life with a pleased, interested attitude, that at the end of each episode, no matter how sad or difficult, I may exclaim: "Ah, that was a good show, full of thrills, suspense, and excitement! I am happy to have seen it, and I have learned much from it for my own benefit."

76

Teach me to abhor the flies of Sarcasm, which love to sit on the Wounds of Others

The bee of silence has made its way to the garden of my heart, where murmuring thought-flowers hold out fragrant bouquets: lilies of discrimination, butter-cups of recipient prayers, chrysanthemums of soul-rays, and violet-dreams of love-offerings to Thee.

There, in my heart's bed of many flowers fanned by the sweet breeze of my love, where the fresh dew of Thy grace hides at the core of every flowering good quality, my eager mind-bee hovers in

anticipation above these treasures of Thy love.

O, teach me to abhor the flies of cruel sarcasm, which love to sit on the wounds of others, and thereby swell their troubles. Let me be a kind, friendly bee "robbing" only sweetness from the flower-hearts of all.

77

Demand for Seeing the One Fire beneath all Soul-Flames

O Eternal Fire, Thou art the little soul-flames rising through the burner of cosmic manifestation. Each human being is but one flame, separate-seeming from all others, and also from Thy Universal Source of Power. Thou dost appear many, finite, limited, small or large, but ever divided, shooting up as separate entities through the pores of living organisms. But Thou alone art that one, eternal flame. All things other are but Thy multifarious appearances.

78

Demand for Prosperity. Thou art my Father, I am Thy child

Thou art the Supreme Spirit; I am made in Thine image. Thou art the Father, owner of the whole universe. I, good or naughty, am Thy child, and when I behave I have the right of possession over all that is Thine. Alas! I have played the truant, wandering away from Thy home of cosmic plenty. Lead me home again. Teach me to identify my highest interests with Thy will. Rescue me from this shipwreck on the tiny island of my body. Expand my conscious-

ness; help me to understand once more that I am made in Thy image. When by Thy grace I discover that I, like Thee, am omnipresent, then at last shall I have true dominion over all things, even as Thou hast.

7 9

Teach me to feel that all Men are my Brothers

O our own, One Father, teach me to feel that all men are my brothers. Teach me to love all countries as brother-nations to my own—as much so as the land to which I am temporarily assigned by karmic law. Teach me above all to love those who love me not. Teach me to see Thy presence in every erring brother. Teach me to heal, as eagerly as I would be healed myself, those brothers who are steeped in ignorance.

O Mother Divine, teach me never to rejoice in the segregation or punishment of an erring brother, even if he needs to be punished to protect from his tyranny those who, otherwise, are defenseless. Teach me to heal with kindness those who are misled, or let me correct them by my good example.

Teach me to feel that even someone who does me mortal injury is my brother, made in Thy image. His ignorance is only temporary. Destroy in me every trace of vengefulness, including the quick "tit-for-tat" spirit. Teach me to try to heal, not to punish, my brothers who resort to crime. Let me not increase their ignorance by a wrong spirit of revenge. Teach me to improve all men by my own example of forgiveness, self-control, determination to do what is right, wisdom, encouragement toward goodness, and prayer—and, above all, by Thy love.

80

Demand to be freed from self-created Evil Habits and Temptations

Teach me, O Spirit, to distinguish between my soul's lasting happiness and the temporary pleasures of the senses: touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing. Strengthen my will power. Teach me not to be enslaved by bad habits. Teach me to be guided only by good habits, formed by good company and meditation. Teach me above all to be guided by Thy wisdom. Teach me to shun evil by right judgment and discrimination. Teach me willingly to adopt all good ways, influenced only by inner freedom, and not compelled to evil by hardened habits.

81

Demand for Balance

O Spirit, teach me to pray and worship incessantly, with deepest concentration. O Spirit, balance my meditation with devotion, and purify my devotion with all-surrendering love unto Thee.

82

Demand for fervor in Divine Love

Teach me, O Spirit, to love Thee as whole-heartedly as the miser loves money. Make me as attached to Thee as the drunkard is addicted to wine. Teach me to cling to Thee as erring ones do to their bad habits. Teach me to be as attentive to Thee as a mother is

to her child. Teach me to perform my duties diligently, with my attention fully riveted on Thee. Teach me to love Thee as the worldly man loves his possessions. With the first love of true lovers, teach me to love Thee.

8 3

Demand that, through all tests and trials, the love of God may never fade

O Spirit, I care not if all sufferings come to me, or all things be taken away from me; I pray only that my love for Thee never fade through my own negligence. May my love for Thee burn brightly forever on the altar of my constant remembrance.

8 4

Special universal daily demand for Divine guidance

O Father, Mother, Friend, Beloved God, I will reason, I will will, I will act: but guide Thou my reason, will, and activity to the right thing I should do in everything.

8 5

Be the Captain of my boat of daily activity

O Divine Father, be Thou the Captain of the ship of my daily struggles. Bring it safely to the shore of final fulfillment.

86

Be the Polestar for my ship of thoughts

O Heavenly Father, be Thou the Polestar for my ship of thoughts, and the rudder for my bark of self-discovery. Guide me to the land of eternal bliss.

87

Worship of God as sacred Joy found in Meditation

O Father, *from joy* I came; *for joy* I live; in joy will I melt again! *Thou art sacred, perennial joy.* Thou art the joy I seek. Thou art the everlasting joy of the soul. Teach me to worship Thee through the joy born of meditation. Balance my worship with good action, and teach me to shun all false pleasures which, siren-like, call to me through my misguided senses.

88

Demand for the enjoyment of everything with the joy of God

O Spirit, teach me to enjoy Thee in spirit, that I may enjoy the world and my earthly duties with Thy joy. O Spirit, help me to train my senses, that they enjoy only good things. Teach me to enjoy earthly pleasures with Thy joy. Save me above all from the slightest touch of negativity, doubt, and cynicism.

89

Demand for Calmness in Activity

Father, teach me to be calmly active and actively calm. Let me become a prince of peace, sitting on the throne of inner poise as I direct my kingdom of activity.

90

Demand to love God as all Saints have loved Him

O Heavenly Father, fill my heart daily with the prayers and love of some new saint who found Thee in ages bygone. Fill my heart with the love of all saints who have ever loved and found Thee.

91

Demand that God's Light drive dark Ignorance away

O, Divine Friend, though the darkness of my ignorance be as old as the world, still make me realize that, with the dawn of Thy light, the darkness will vanish as though it had never been.

92

Demand for Healing of any bodily disease

O Heavenly Father, Thou art in this affected bodily part. It is well, for Thou art there. O Heavenly Father, Thou art perfect; I am made in Thine image: therefore I, too, am perfect.

9 3

Demand for Healing others

O Spirit, Thou art in me—I am well. O Spirit, Thou art in (him/her.) (He/She) is well.

9 4

Demand for ridding the mind of Mental Bacteria

O Father, Thou art in my mind: I am clear and pure! O Father, Thou art my strength; Thou art my power—I am all Thy strength and power. I am whole!

9 5

Demand for Wisdom

O Spirit, Thou art I; I am Thou. Thou art wisdom: I am wisdom. Thou art bliss: I am bliss.

9 6

Demand for Bliss

O Heavenly Spirit, may Thy fountain of bliss shower upon all my thoughts, feelings, and will power.

97

Demand that my bubble of life become the Sea of Life

O Father, I am a wave of consciousness on the bosom of Thy cosmic ocean. I am a bubble: oh, make me the sea!

98

Demand that God respond

Today, Father, Thou hast come into my temple. With Thy coming all the lights of my sense-servants have sprung to life and the door of my heart has been opened wide. Thy blessing has driven away the darkness of ages, sending its heavy vapors fleeing at the first glimpse of Thy approach. The loud-beating drums of my craving announced Thy manifestation. The incense of devotion, rising from the incensor of my soul, wafts upward to Thee. Oh, bless me always! Respond to me whenever I call to Thee.

99

Demand that God reveal Himself

O Father, with the bursting language of my craving for Thee I pray to Thee: Reveal Thyself! I invoke Thee with soul-born prayers: Come! Show me Thyself as Thou art!

100

Demand to the Holy Trinity

O heavenly Trinity—*Om, Tat, Sat*—: God the transcendent Father, God the immanent Christ consciousness, and God the Holy, Creative, Vibratory Force of all Creation! Grant me the wisdom to know Thy truth! Through my self-effort and my knowing acceptance of the law, help me up the golden ladder of realization, to stand at last on the shining summit of attainment, face to face with the *One Spirit*: Perfect, Everlasting Bliss!

101

Demand that the Cosmic Sound lead me from ignorance to Wisdom

O Cosmic Sound of *Om*, guide me, be with me, lead me from darkness to light, from ignorance to wisdom, from disease to health, from poverty to prosperity, and from misery to eternal joy.

102

Demand for Thy Light

I am here before Thee, Father, hurling again and again the spears of prayer to pierce the bulwarks of Thy dark silence. Missile after missile of yearning for Thee must surely break down, in time, the ramparts of my ignorance and delusion! With firm faith I invoke Thee! Shine before my gaze the searchlight of true wisdom,

that I find some chink in those high walls of my ignorance, that I may rescue Thee from the dungeon to which my lower self so long ago consigned Thee.

103

Demand for the opening of the Spiritual Eye, to find God in everything

My eyes are enthralled, O Father, with the beauty of earthly flowers, with life's passing scenes, and with the sailing, silent clouds. Everywhere, all I see hints at Thy hidden presence. Open that eye in me which sees only Thee. With that gaze may I behold Thee above, beneath, all around, within, and outside me. Teach me in all things to see only Thee. Open in me that eye which beholds everywhere Thy hidden but ever subtly reigning wonder.

(This demand, especially, should be repeated mentally with deep concentration until the prayer-thought becomes fixed in your superconscious by the conviction born of deep faith.)

104

Let all rest in the Shade of my Peace

The breeze of Thy love wafts through me, O Father. Leaves on my tree of life tremble gently in response to Thy coming. My soul-blossoms have begun to awaken. The rustling murmur of my thought-leaves, whispering in the ether, calls to all matter-weary beings to come rest in the shade of my peace, received from Thee.

105

Demand for realizing the expansion of consciousness in the Cosmic Sound

Manifest Thyself to me, O Father, as the light of reason and as the blaze of wisdom, as the breeze of amity and of self-expanding harmony. Manifest Thyself through the song of atoms and electrons, whose music-vibration encompasses the universe. Teach me to hear Thy cosmic voice which first commanded all vibration to begin, inspiring every pinpoint of Creation to sing its own special melody. Oh, let me hear within me Thy cosmic voice, so long hidden behind the hubbub of outer Creation. Let my magic wand of meditation touch all sounds and melt them into the One cosmic sound of *Aum.* Lo! how it courses, o'er the earth, in the sky, and far out from Earth to reach the stars. Appear to me as *Aum, Aum, Aum*—Thy cosmic song, which gives life to and infuses all sounds. Every cell of my body, every nerve, every ripple of my thoughts now sings with Thy great cosmic anthem: *Aum*!

106

Demand for an Immediate Need to be supplied

Father Divine, this is my prayer: I care not what I may permanently possess, but give to me *the power to acquire at will* whatever I may daily need.

107

Demand for removal of the Veil of Illusion

Veils surround me, Father, hiding Thee from me. I love the dainty, colored veils of roses and daisies; the shining veils of clouds of burning gold; the dark, star-decked shawl of the night. But—how long wilt Thou remain hidden behind all these veils? I love them because they hint at Thy presence. Yet still they hide Thee! I long to see Thee as Thou art—behind all this cover of veils!

108

Demand to see God in Everything

O Father, may I behold Thee: above, beneath, behind, around—wherever I turn my gaze! Train the children of my senses never to stray from Thee, who dwellest at the heart of everything. Turn my eyes inward, to Thy changeless beauty. Attune my ears to silence, that I may hear Thy subtlest music. Breathe on me the heavenly scent of Thy sacred presence. Orient-wise I will worship Thee, placing the candles of my five senses on the altar of my love. Thus I will contact Thee in the first pale shafts of dawn; absorb Thee in the bright light of noon; expand in Thee with the hidden glow of twilight; and merge in Thee in the silver moonlight. Always will I keep alight on my inner altar the mystic taper of my love for Thee.

109

Demand to be kept ever Awake and Ready

O Father, if Thou wakest me, how can I ever sleep again? If sleep should steal upon me, wilt Thou awake me? The terrors lurking in the dream-jungle of life are now forgotten. My sorrow has, by Thy grace, been changed into tears of joy. All my tiny, emotional joys blaze into bliss. My body-temple is filled with Thy light: Its rays keep the eyes of my wisdom from drooping. I thank Thee, Father, for keeping me always awake and ready!

110

Master Mariner, come, take charge of my Boat

O Father, my little raft of meditation is floating toward Thy shore. Though buffeted by furious storms of distraction, and heaving waves on the sea of my mind rise and fall tumultuously, yet I am heading steadfastly toward Thy shore. O Master Mariner, come! Take charge of my boat!

111

Demand to find God at any time, anywhere

Teach me, O Father, to find Thee in the cave of my heart, that I may walk with Thee everywhere. Teach me to hear Thee in silence, that I may hear Thy voice beneath outer noises. Teach me to find Thee in inner peace, that I may be with Thee calmly in the midst

of outer tumult. Hubbub or silence, tumult or peace: I care not, so as long as Thou wilt teach me to find Thee anywhere, at any time.

112

Demand for Union with the Almighty

O Father, behold me through the pores of the sky. Smile at me through the twinkling stars. Strengthen me through the sun; calm my feelings through the moon. Caress me through the breeze. Love me through my love. Throb in me through my heart. Breathe Thine immortality through this mortal frame of mine. Speak through my voice. Help others through my hands. Use my mind to inspire them. Breathe through my breath. For within this fragile viol Thou alone canst sing Thy complete, eternal song.

113

I want to feel Thee just behind the Voice of my Prayer

O Father, Thou art just behind my vision with which I see Thy beauty without. Thou art just behind my listening power with which I hear Thy voice in all Creation. Thou art just behind my touch with which I feel Thy world. In the sweetness of flowers and in the zest of sustaining food lies hidden the essence of Thy being: Thine eternal sweetness. Thou art just behind the voice of my prayer. Thou art just behind the mind with which I pray. Thou art just behind my glistening feelings. Thou art just behind my thoughts. Thou art just behind my cravings for Thee. Thou art just behind my meditations. Thou art just behind the veil of Nature's splendors. Thou art just behind the screen of my love. Behind all these mystic screens, *reveal Thyself as Thou art!*

114

Demand for the Realization of God's Presence

O Divine Father, Thou art just behind my prayer: Why dost Thou seem so far away? Thou dost tremble in my feelings; Thy presence glimmers through the veil of my thoughts. Yet dost Thou seem so far away! Father, come! Remove Thy veil! Come, Father, come! Hear the voice of my prayer. I want to know Thee, to talk to Thee, to hear Thee speak to me. I want to pray to Thee and know that Thou dost hear my prayer. Show me the way that leads to Thee.

115

Prayer between Sleeping and Waking

O Father, when I hover on the borderland between sleep and wakefulness, Thou dost come and play with me, Thy little child. I float on the ocean of Thy love. I dance with the boisterous billows of emotion. I play at hide and seek with Thee, as Thou dost with me. Thy greatness lifts me, this least of all Thy servitors, to sit with Thee on Thy throne.

116

Prayer-Demand for Devotion

O Father, I hold my heart in my folded hands. Teach me to saturate my prayers with Thy love. Give me the simple, sincere devotion toward Thee of a child. Teach me to realize Thee just behind

the voice of my prayer. Teach me to feel Thy breath flowing with my breath. Teach me to cognize Thy presence in my emotions. Teach me to perceive Thy wisdom in my understanding. Teach me to sense Thy all-pervading life in my life. Oh! flood my senses with Thy light.

117

Prayer-Demand for Illumination

O Spirit, beloved Father, Oversoul of the Universe, Spirit of Spirits, Friend of Friends: teach me the mystery of my existence! Teach me to worship Thee in breathlessness and in deathlessness. In the fire of devotion burn away my ignorance. In the stillness of my soul—come, Spirit, come! Possess me and teach me to feel Thy immortal presence in and around me. Come, Spirit, come! Come, Spirit, come!

118

Prayer before Meditation

O Father, my little prayers are all roused in reverence, waiting for Thee. My little joys dance in tune with the temple-bells of inner harmony. The muffled drum of my craving beats deeply for Thee. My passion and my ignorance wait tremblingly to be sacrificed on Thine altar. I shall say my prayers with mystic beads made of my crystal teardrops, and polished with my love for Thee. I shall cleanse the altar of my heart with my repentance. Come! I long for Thy presence!

119

Hidden in the ashes of burnt sadness, I found Thy Golden Presence

Father Divine, banish me not in silence. I stand lonely without Thee. Let me not become imprisoned in my work, so that I forget Thee. I will go within, in meditation, to bring Thee without into the marketplace of life. Wherever Thou dost place me, there must Thou come. Hidden within the ashes of my burnt sadness, I shall find Thy golden presence.

120

Receive the orphans and the stricken; they have come to Thy door

The orphans and the stricken have heard of Thy healing power. They have come to Thy door. Wilt Thou turn them away empty-handed? Those whose hearts are breaking with sadness and despair: dry their scalding teardrops with Thy invisible hand. Those who are lost in delusion—to whom shall they turn, but to Thee? Lift Thine unseen veil of silence and appear in Thy overwhelming, divine compassion. Before the coming of the dawn of Thy presence, all their dark troubles will take wing.

121

Come to me as Kindness

(Inspired by Ram Prasad's Song)

Will that day dawn for me, O Divine Mother, when uttering Thy name will bring floods of tears, to inundate the drought-

land of my heart and burst open the dark gates of my ignorance? Oh, then, in the lake of my gathered tears will grow the lotus of luminous wisdom: All darkness in my mind will be dispelled. O formless, all-pervading Mother Divine, come to me in the form of tangible kindness! Take me away from these shores of millennial sadness.

1 2 2

Satisfy my Soul-Hunger

O All-Pervading Spirit, the breeze of Thy inspiration has removed every cloud from my heart. The firmament of my mind is now clear. Purified, I behold only Thee, everywhere. The sunshine of Thy joy spreads rapidly to the farthest shores of my being. After long ages of hunger, I feed on Thy light. By Thy grace, and by my constant wakefulness in Thee, may this joy be mine forever, forever, and forever!

1 2 3

O Divine Hart, I will hunt for Thee in the forest of my Soul

O Divine Hart, I ran after Thee equipped with the spears of selfish desire. Thou didst fly before me! I raced after Thee, shouting prayers loudly, but my voice drove Thee from me by the gusts of my restlessness; the noise I made only frightened Thee away! Stealthily, then, I crept up to Thee and cast the dart of my concentration. Alas! my hand unsteadily shook, and Thou didst bound away. As Thou didst so, however, Thy hooves echoed: "Without devotion thou art a poor, poor marksman!" With firm devotion then, holding fast the dart of meditation, I crept forward. Thy

divine hoofbeats came stealing back—but I heard Thee whisper: "I am beyond thy mental dart—far beyond!" At last despairing, I entered the cave of celestial love. And there, at last, lo! Thou, the Divine Hart, camest willingly into my heart.

124

Make me the Drops of Sympathy in all tearful eyes

May my spark commingle with Thy great spark. May it twinkle in all eyes. Bless me, that I may swim in the sea of souls. Let me rush with Thee on avalanches of noble desire. Let me feel Thee in the budding hopes of all roseate minds, and in the silence of all saints. Let the tears of my sympathy commingle with the drops in all tearful eyes. Together, Thou and I will dance on the wavelets of all feelings. We will cheer every heart with divine delight! Let us throb in the life of all beings.

125

From peak to peak, and from heart to heart I will Fly, singing Thy name

Bless me, my own true Father, that I may fly with Thee from peak to peak, or lie on the grass and sing Thy song to the birds. Bless me, that I may wade through the streams of human feeling to bring to all the song of Thy glory. Bless me that I may whirl around starry rims, blazing Thy name. With the nebulae I will spread Thy holy name. Bless me, that with the humming atoms I may attune my song to Thine.

126

Teach me to Dream Peace with the poppy-petals

Teach me to descend as rain drops on thirsty soul-flowers, showering them with Thy nectar-name. Teach me to dream with the poppy petals dreams of Thy golden light and inner peace. O Divine Breath, blow with me as the little breath in all men, and as the vast breath of all living things.

127

Whether dead or living, I am held in Thine Immortal Arms

Mother Divine, the brave may laugh as they pass among flying bullets though death threatens with each one. I laugh, however, because whether I am floating on the surface of this present life or sinking beneath the waves of death, I rest forever in Thy protecting, omnipresent, eternal life, held safely forever in Thy immortal arms.

128

I beheld Thee hiding behind the Flowers

I looked at a flower and prayed: suddenly, O Father, I beheld Thee hiding there. It exuded to me the perfume of Thy presence. I saw the blush of Thy purity coloring its petals. It was the gold of

Thy wisdom that shone in its heart. Thine all-embracing, upholding power filled its delicate calyx. The mystery of life and immortality lay in the pollen—lifted by the bee when it tasted Thy sweetness. Oh teach me Thy wonders of Creation, which are hinted at in even the tiniest roadside weed.

129

Thou art slowly rising on the horizon of my Mind

O Father, I pray that my storm-tossed soul may find the silver lining of Thy presence behind the clouds of my indifference. May the moon of Thy hope ever gleam upon my heart. Thy inner light slowly rises above the horizon of my mind. Mists of ignorance lift before the moonbeams of Thy love. O Father of light, my sorrowing soul beholds, rejoicing, Thy shores of bliss.

130

Demand to see God's love in all human love

With the love of all human loves I have come to love Thee, Thou God of all loves. Thou art the father, anxious to protect His children. Thou art the little child, lisping love to its parents. Thou art the mother, showering infinite kindnesses on all her family. Thou dost flow in the all-surrendering love of the lover for the beloved. Thou art the love of friends for one another. Purify me with the reverence of a servant to his master. Teach me to love Thee with all pure loves, for Thou art the fountain of love both earthly and heavenly. Bathe me in the fountain-spray of all loves.

131

Open my Inner Eye

Open my inner eye, O Fountain of Light, that I may behold Thee in the dance of the myriad-hued atoms. Burst open the doors of space that I may see Thee behind the swirling mists of material illusion. Behind Thy walls of brilliant cosmic rays, Thou art hiding. Open every portal in Nature, that I may see Thee everywhere.

132

Cure my jaundiced Vision of Duality

I have long suffered from the jaundice of duality. Everywhere, pale matter distorts Thy living presence. Wilt Thou heal my sight, that with the eyes of wisdom I behold *Thy presence only*, everywhere?

133

Demand for Quickening Activity

Let the waves of Thy power dance on the river of my activity. As Thou art intelligently busy making atoms, flowers, universes, so teach me to be cheerfully busy always. Thou art ever busy yet eternally smiling in joyous hearts. Bless me, that I may wear Thy unfading smile as I work in the factory of life.

134

Bless me, that I may perceive Thee through the windows of all activities

Bless me, that I may perceive Thee through the windows of all joyous activities. Look upon me, and cheer me always as I engage in my daily duties. Let my every action—whether waking, sleeping, or dreaming—be sprayed by the fountain of Thy presence.

135

Teach me to perform every Work only to please Thee

Father, teach me to perform all my work only to please Thee. Let me feel Thee as the electricity of life, moving the machinery of my bones, nerves, and muscles. In every heart-throb, every breath, every burst of vital activity, teach me to feel Thy power.

Prayers of Devotion

136

I bring to Thee the Myrrh of Devotion

With folded hands, bowed head, and heart laden with the myrrh of reverence, I come to Thee. Thou art my parents; I am Thy child. Thou art the Master; I am ready to obey the silent command of Thy voice. I conjured the fragrant devotion of all hearts and mixed it with my tears. Now I am eager to wash Thy feet in silence. A river of my ardent crystal tears of craving rushes forth to meet Thee. Wilt Thou see that my boisterous flood of devotion be not lost in the desert of disappointment? Wilt Thou see that my mad flood of devotion follow always the right course, which leads to Thee?

137

Intoxicate me with the Wine of Thy Love

Intoxicate me with devotion's wine. I will drink of Thee until death. My earthly desires are now dead, and I will live in Thee forever. A thrilling current runs through each cell of my body, and through every opening of my love for Thee. Saturated with devotion, I will enter the heaven of Thy presence. Groping blindly, the urge of my devotion suddenly flings open the secret door in my soul: Oh, what bliss I feel on beholding Thy light!

138

Open my Soul's Secret Door

I am crying in a wilderness of loneliness. With eyes closed I have long knocked at doors of darkness, praying that they will open and reveal Thy light. With a million thirsty cravings of my heart, I long for Thee. Oh, wilt Thou come?

139

I want to hear Thy song in the silence of my Soul

Thy gentle voice saying, "Come home!" I often heard. But through many lives it was drowned in the tumult of my wild cravings. I have forsaken the jostling crowds of desire. In the solitude of my mind my devotion bursts to hear Thy voice. Take away every dream-memory of earthly sounds that yet lurks in my mind. I want to hear Thy still voice, ever singing in the silence of my soul.

140

Nothing can steal my Love for Thee

No loud or whispered words of prayer shall steal away my love. With the soul's unspoken language I will express my hunger for Thee. Thy voice is silence, and through my silence Thou must speak to me and tell me Thou hast loved me always, though I knew it not.

141

I will be the naughty baby of the Divine Mother

In the hall of life, decorated with mountains, stormy cataracts, and wild scenery, I have played long. Each time, when, tired of play, I cried for Thee, Thou didst drop down through the skylight of my heart's craving some new doll of fame, friends, or prosperity to quiet me. This time, Divine Mother, I will play the naughty baby. I will sob unceasingly. No more shall the toys of earthly pleasure stop my cries. O Divine Mother, Thou must come soon, or I will waken all Creation with my cries! I will make all Thy sleeping children wake and join me in a chorus of wails. Forsake Thy busyness with the housework of Thy Creation! I demand attention. I demand Thee! I no longer want Thy playthings!

142

Make me clean again, Divine Mother

Dressed in Thy luster, clean and holy, Thou didst send me out to play. I played—but in darkness, ignorantly; I found myself, therefore, lost in a mire of suffering. I went forth clean, but have come back to Thee all besmirched with the mud of delusion. O Divine Mother, wash me in Thy wisdom: Make me clean again!

143

I loved all things that I might learn to crave only Thee

I may lose everything, and roam about in darkness, but O Divine Mother! see that the tiny taper of my remembrance for Thee

be not extinguished by the gusts of disbelief. I loved many things only to find that my true craving was for Thee alone. Come to me now! Be with me always!

144

Make me feel Thee through the Touch of the Breeze

Father, let me feel Thee through the touch of the breeze; through the sunshine warming my body. Enter through my nostrils with the fragrance of flowers. Let me cognize Thee through my innermost thoughts. Forget me never, even if I forget Thee. Remember me always, even if I remember Thee not. Be with me always, always, always!

145

Help me to Win the Battle of Life

O King of Kings—train Thou in me, in the camp of discipline, the noble qualities of calmness and self-control. Be Thou their Divine General, like Krishna of yore, against the invading hordes of darkness, passion, and greed. Protect the celestial kingdom of my mind against entry by the tenacious warriors of evil. Let Thy banner of peace wave always above the strong castle of my soul.

146

Demand to eject enemies of Bad Habits

Fierce foes and obstinate, idle habits of restlessness have often entrenched themselves in the territory of my heart. Let me defeat

them all, bent as they are on robbing me of my wealth of inner peace. Lead Thou my forces of calmness victoriously to the divine kingdom of fulfillment.

147

Demand not to be enslaved by the ego, or by ego-centered passivity

I want to use my own will, but guide it ever, Father, toward the golden paradise of all fulfillment. For I would be infinity's smiling child, confident of being imprisoned no longer behind bars of fruitless desire and withered hopes.

I would break the shameful cords of lethargy that have presumed to hold me, and step fearlessly into freedom. Released, I now blaze my way through forests of every limitation and delusion.

Oh, my little, vain ego may strut proudly, saying: "Behold my glory! Worship me!" But I will look through its transparent form and behold Thine unimaginable beauty clothed in the subtle form of the whole universe! The silence-tuned hearing of my soul will ignore that tiny, boasting masquerader, my little self impersonating Thee, and will listen rapturously to the wind-borne, fragrant music of Thine own matchless voice whispering across the ages: "I am He!"

148

I offer Thee a Garland of Devotion

With the dawn of Thy coming, let the flowers of my devotion blossom in the garden of my heart. Let me weave a garland of them, and lay it at Thy feet!

149

Demand to set fire to the Forest of Darkness

I built a fire of devotion in the dark forest of delusion. Alas! the fire only smouldered. Then Thou didst come and set fire to a few of my frailties. That fire quickly spread, consuming the bushes of my prickly desires, my tall, towering vanities, and the thick underbrush of my arrogance. The whole forest of my darkness is blazing, and I behold only Thy light shining everywhere. I thank Thee, Father, for Thy help. Help me thus always. Let me open a path of light for all to follow!

150

Save me from Wrong Beliefs

I am lost, Father, in the wastelands of wrong beliefs. Where is my home? I have kept the doors of my soul always open, expecting Thee. Ah! I have not yet found Thee. Rise high in the sky to illuminate my darkness: Be the Polestar to my searching mind, directing me to Thyself. For therein, I know, lies my home!

151

Lead my body-chariot on the Right Path

(Inspired by the Hindu Scriptures)

Teach me, Lord, to conquer myself by myself. Bless me that my discrimination become the charioteer of the steeds of my five senses, firmly holding the reins of my mind. Let my soul, riding on the wheels of discipline in the little chariot of my body, drive

triumphantly over the speedway of earth-lives until, on the last lap of the last race, it finds itself safe, O King of Kings! in Thy vast royal palace.

1 5 2

Teach me not to be deceived by the Senses

O Divine Teacher, train me to recognize the difference between my soul's lasting happiness and the passing pleasures of the senses. Keep my eyes open that I be not deceived by my senses, decked out as they are in stolen royal trappings and in the mirage-cloak of false happiness as, thus disguised, they try to enter the mansion of my life.

Discipline my unwise, wayward senses that my pleasures be spiritualized, and that I look ever beyond the illusion of glittering, visible forms to find divine joy hidden, simply dressed in the white robe of humility.

1 5 3

Teach me, that my Senses contact nothing but the Good

(Inspired by the Hindu Scriptures)

Bless me, that I may behold nothing but that which is good. Teach me, that I may touch only purity. Train me, that I may listen to Thy voice alone in all good speech, and in the beauty of all lovely melodies. Direct me to breathe only the perfume of pure scents from the flowers of Spirit. Invite me to indulge only in the wholesome taste of soul-nourishing food. Teach me to absorb only that which reminds me of Thee.

154

Keep me away from Evil

Bless me that I hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, dream no evil, think no evil, and feel no evil.

155

Demand for the opening of the Spiritual Eye, the Eastern Star of Wisdom

Bless me, Father, that I behold the Eastern star of wisdom. May it shine before my human eyes as much in daylight as in darkness. Long my eyes were blinded by the tinsel-glitter of materiality. Seeing things always outwardly, I saw not the Spirit behind and within them. I saw the mustard-seed of matter, but spied not the oil of Spirit that it contained. My third eye of wisdom is now opened. Oh, may it always be so! Let the gaze of my single eye of realization penetrate through every veil of matter to behold the infinite presence of Christ, everywhere. Bless me, that my sacred, wise thoughts, following this star of knowledge, lead me to the Christ in everything.

156

Demand for the rising of the Aurora of Intuition

Infinite Spirit, Thy presence is hidden equally behind the warm rays of the sun and the cool light of the moon. Those lights, though welcome and wonderful, reveal only Mother Nature's splendor in

matter: They reveal not Thee. To me, they are therefore darkness. Thy all-revealing, majestic and supreme light shines not *on*, but *from within*, the center of everything, therefore creating no shadows. Shadows in this world reduce light itself to non-light.

In theory I have known this. Now, Lord, take all darkness away from me! Wherever I sit with eyes shut, enclosed in my own darkness, cause to blaze upon me in glory the aurora of intuition, that suffused in its light I may gaze raptly on Thee with worshipping eyes.

1 5 7

Keep my Spiritual Eye open forever

O Spiritual Eye, once opened, remain always open before me, that I may avoid every pitfall in my path and be led to the highway that leads to Thy Palace of Peace. Give me answers to my every problem.

1 5 8

With every stroke of my Prayer I move nearer to Thee

Father, swimming in the sea of my craving for Thee, I find myself beaten by the winds of severe trials. Floating on cresting waves of pleasure and pain, then sinking down into the depths of indifference, I still keep looking for Thy shoreless shore. With every stroke of my powerful prayer I move nearer to Thee. Never shall I give up! Thou Thyself, I know, dost look for my coming.

159

Demand to be fed with the Cosmic Rays

I entered my temple of silence. Seated with a straight spine, I switched off the dazzling, diverting light of energy animating my sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. I commanded my breath to cease its cleansing work in the body and make no noise. I ordered my heart to suspend its dictatorship over my myriad body cells, forcing them to eat the blood it sends them. I sat still and listened.

Then, Mother, I heard the soft approach of Thy footsteps. Thou didst come, bearing an overflowing chalice of life-sustaining, spiritual rays.

Sustain me evermore, O Divine Mother, with Thy rays of life-giving Light! The heart, cells, brains, and thoughts of this body—*Thy* body, not mine—will waste no longer with decay. Lo! they are now immortal with Thy everlasting life.

160

Demand for the Cure of the Anger Habit

O Spirit, Father, save me from the fever-attacks of anger that have burned my brain, stressed my nerves, and poisoned my very blood.

O Father, when I am tempted to be angry, place before me a mirror of introspection; let me see my face then, distorted and ugly with wrath. Father, as I don't like to be seen disfigured, let me not show myself before others with a face made repulsive by wrath.

Father, help me to dissolve this anger like a lump of earth cast into a lake. Want of self-control only makes me, and others also, shudder with misery. Bless me, that I may never injure the love

I bear others, and their love for me, with selfish knife-thrusts of vexation.

Bless me, that I feed not my anger with more anger. Teach me how to cure any wounds it inflicts by applying the salve of self-respect and the balsam of kindness. Command every storm of anger that arises suddenly to pause ere it breaks, lest it engulf my mind. Help me to see only kindness reflected in my mental lake. Why disturb those calm waters with blasts of disharmony, producing only misery and useless agitation?

Show me, Father, that even my self-appointed worst enemy is still my brother, and that Thou lovest him even as Thou lovest me.

1 6 1

Demand to be able to Conquer Fear

Infinite Spirit, teach me to comprehend the utter uselessness of being afraid. Help me to keep in mind that even death, since come it must, at least comes only once and need not be suffered a thousand times, beforehand, through fear! When death does come it will be by Nature's mercy. When it comes, I will welcome it in my soul, for I will understand that it is time for me to move on, lowering the curtain on this life's drama, but traveling, perhaps, to something new and equally interesting. Let me not be a "psychological antique," fearing change.

Teach me not to paralyze my nerves daily with the dread of some future, imaginary accident. Such dread may only invite the accident to happen!

Bless me, that I not let fear anaesthetize my mind and shut off my unlimited power, as Thy child, to overcome all tests and trials. Help me to realize that, whether I am awake or asleep, alert or dreaming, Thine all-protecting presence encircles me always.

Help me to see that neither mighty fortress nor the wealth of Croesus could protect me from disease, earthquakes, and all kinds of accidents, that Thou alone art my protector, and that, though I walk where bullets fly or where swarms of bacteria abound, I am ever safe, enhaloed in Thy all-sheltering light.

162

Demand for Control of the Unruly Senses

O Spirit, let me not feed my insatiable sense-cravings with further wrong deeds. Teach me to discipline myself that I think always in terms of my true happiness. If my senses become unruly, teach me to govern my will not to cooperate with them and their desires; to feed them only wholesome acts.

As electricity can either illuminate or destroy a building, so human power can either glorify or devastate a life. Let me learn, then, to govern wisely the finite forces Thou hast entrusted to me, that each of them, with this two-fold potency, be directed only toward the good.

Let the greedy flames of all my desires consume their own dross not by self-indulgence, but by self-offering into the white heat of Thy wisdom.

Teach me, O Spirit, to cooperate with Thy will, to perform every duty harmoniously, and to sing the one, little song Thou hast given me to sing, until all my unruly senses learn to join happily in full harmony with Thy cosmic plan.

Let the rivulets of all my sense-cravings be transmuted into the one mighty river of soul-craving. And, O Spirit, spare not Thy rod of discipline, if ever I stray again toward the senses and away from my true path of craving for Thee!

163

Make me feel that everything is Joy

I am the foam of happiness spumed out of the sea of Thy joy! I am the ocean life bounding with the billows of joy! Endless eddies of my laughter spread through all hearts. When the time comes to depart, I will retire to wakeful sleep on the bosom of Thy infinite joy, a ripple ever dancing with billows of all joy. I am a bubble of joy, struggling to burst and unite with the ocean of joy.

I feel Thy joy in all things! Make me a lighthouse of joy also, guiding storm-tossed vessels of life to safety on the shores of Thy joy.

Let every vine of my activity bear large grape clusters of Thy joy! Let me drink the divine wine pressed from the grapes of all life's little joys!

164

Slip Thy little dewdrop into Thy great lake—not to become lost, but to merge into oneness with Thee

Teach me to be a dewdrop enchanted with divine love, slipping unaffected down the lotus-leaf of seductive sense-lures to Thy glistening waters of wisdom. I am Thy immortal dewdrop, sliding freely and not adhering to the leaves of past, present, and future lives.

I smoothed the slopes of my mind with wise restraint, that the thirsty pores of temptation might absorb none of my strength.

I am Thy prodigal dewdrop, quivering in the hollows of life and death, waiting to slip down when it can to Thy shoreless sea.

Though long truant, I, Thy tiny dewdrop, am homeward bound however long the journey take.

After this rhythmic dance of life, rising with birth, and sinking with the downbeat of death, I will refresh myself at last in Thy unmoving sea.

I do not want to lose myself. Thy tiny dewdrop craves only, by merging in Thee, to feel that I am one with all the other drops in Thy ocean.

I will be a rainbow-hued dewdrop, one with Thy omnipresence, and yet, in my omniscience, aware of my former dewdrop existence. I pray that all God-thirsty souls will come and drink from the Great Source of all our lives.

165

The fire of my ambition, and all my rainbow-dreams, are focused on Thee

The fire of ambition has been waxing strong, fed by the fuel of my evanescent, rainbow-dreams. As often as one dream faded away, a new one, as persistent as the last, burst open, flower-like, in my heart, only to wither and die. The lightning of disaster struck, consuming not once but many times my garden of hopes, as flames destroyed even my very powers of renewal.

My garden was once green with life, but as the gray ghosts of half-dead hopes and low vitality glided in, surrounded by dark doubts, I began to fear. Would they frighten me as, with timid footsteps, I turned at last toward Thee?

Come to my aid, O Divine Friend! Give me the strength now to be ambitious only in my quest for Thee.

166

I have sought to buy everything
but Thy plenty.
I pray now: Give me Thyself

O God, let me not whine complainingly, "Why hast Thou yoked me to the heavy demands of flesh, to constant hunger, a slave to fatigue and earthly discomfort?" I blame no businessman for being busy: dost Thou not keep the bee busy constantly? Dost Thou not send rain to water the earth, which yields life-sustaining crops? If even the skies are darkened with clouds to sprinkle life down upon thirsty crops, who am I to complain so selfishly, so childishly, so *uselessly*: "What about poor me?"

The Master Potter of life molded this clay ball of earth; He keeps it busy ever whirling in its orbit, holding it ray-strung to the sun, around which it rotates in ceaseless rhythm.

The Cosmic Potter busily forms, by the trillions, fragile vessels of flesh on His revolving wheel of life. The amoeba, the butterfly, the whippoorwill, the gigantic fiery-eyed bodies that wander on vast tracts of space growling their own variants of *Aum*—all must do some aspect of His work.

Even the fickle lightning in the sky must do its bit to help with the spraying of timely showers.

O Lord of all Life, Thou art the busiest Worker in Creation: ever alert, noting the fall of every sparrow, attending to the slightest scratch of flesh, and plotting the course of each meteor.

Thou dost produce *everything* out of Thine unseen factory of creation. Thou art the Maker and Displayer of innumerable artifacts. Thou art also the Divine Salesman, selling health, mental electricity, and nuggets of wisdom to mankind.

And—oh, yes!—Thou dost make us pay for everything! We pay in the effort we must put forth to live hygienically, and to acquire that food which will buy us good health. We pay coins of self-

development for the power that lights the cozy cottage of our minds. And we pay gold nuggets of devotion perchance, to hold Thee to us, and ourselves to Thee.

We must give energy, in one form or another, for everything we receive. Only Thou, Thyself, art not for sale, though some people try to purchase Thy favor!

O Priceless One, what value can be placed on Thee? Yet Thou *givest* Thyself freely to us when we remind Thee that we are Thy children, heirs to Thy all-encompassing kingdom, and part of Thy own Self.

167

Teach us to consider no work more important than Thy Work

O Spirit, as no work is possible without borrowing, from Thee, the power to perform it, so, teach us to consider no work greater than Thy spiritual work.

Teach us to feel that, since no duty is possible without Thee, so, no duty is more important than our duty to Thee. And teach us to love Thee above everything, for we cannot live or love anything or anybody without Thy Life, Thy love.

168

Bury the seeds of my Devotion in Thy heart-soil

In the dawn of awakening, I beheld dewdrops of repentance gathered and resting on Thy many-petaled lotus-feet. In those dear

dewdrops my soul cleansed itself in the waters of pity, and caused my despondency to be dispelled by showers of Thy blessing.

May the petals of all our past, present, and future karmas—born in the dawn of our first appearance in human bodies, busily active in the noon of our intense worldly involvements, and drooping sadly in the night of our growing disillusionment with this world—may all open up to reveal the tenderness of Thine ever-present love and compassion.

Lord! I ask this of Thee: Bury seeds of Thy blessings in the prayer-prepared soil of my heart; then let them grow into plants of divine realization, bearing fruits of infinite happiness in Thee.

169

I want to know: wilt Thou be Mine?

I care not if, in the destruction of my desires, I must shatter my very self—jostling through sextillions of lives, and undergoing again and again the throes of birth and the pangs of death! I can endure all suffering so long as, at the end of it, I attain my supreme goal: oneness with Thy bliss. What care I if I leave behind mangled heaps of my fleshly forms, broken by my struggles to reach Thee?

I offer all my earthly happiness in exchange for Thy joy. I renounce all elusive joys for eternal freedom in Thy joy. Thy bliss alone is mine, alone is mine.

Oh! Tell me clearly that Thou wilt surely be mine! I can wait patiently, then, a hundred thousand years as if they were but a day.

Tell me—*wilt Thou be mine?*

170

Teach me to drown in Thy Light and Live

(Inspired by a Hindu song)

I come to Thee with the song of my smiles. Whatever treasures have lain in the secrecy of my soul, I bring eagerly to Thee. I bring Thee all the honey from the hive of my heart. All that was ever mine is now Thine alone.

The sunlight of this world, shining upon my eager hopes and brief, fickle fulfillments, burned me repeatedly with dissatisfaction. Now I will quench my thirst forever in Thy radiant waters!

The taper of my aspiration toward happiness will burst aflame with Thy coming into a conflagration of bliss.

In Thy vast, enchanting sea of light I will swim joyfully forever. Teach me to drown in Thee and *live*, rather than live in a mirage-paradise of earthliness and die.

171

I want to pour the scent of gratefulness at Thy feet

The doomsday clouds of inevitably tragic events thundered and poured down sheets of suffering on my life. My courage almost drowned in fear, as a million difficulties rose up to destroy me. Only by clinging fast to Thee did I survive.

Now, when the cannons of uncertainty boom before me and the shells of calumny, persecution, and fierce opposition fall rain-like around me, I am ever protected in the impregnable fortress of Thy love. I am so grateful to Thee!

When the light of good fortune dawns again, as it must always, following every hard night of struggles, it is easy to smile welcom-

ingly at the pleasing sunrise of Thy grace. During dark nights of misfortune, however, I find it even sweeter, now, to offer Thee the flowers of my appreciation for being always there, protecting me. I offer all my gratitude at Thy feet of deep, inner communion. Receive me, my Eternal Beloved, in sacred silence.

172

My Soul-Submarine is searching for Thee

I found myself suffocating in the dark vapors of worldly ambition as my vessel sailed over life's seas. Fearful of dying in delusion, I sought out and boarded the submarine of deep dedication, and dove deep into my inner self. In the silent depths of Thy consciousness I saw, at first shimmering before me, a light which spoke to me of fulfillments never before dreamed of.

Diving deeper still, the submarine of my mind moved into astral seas—so rarely plumbed!—in search of Thee. Suddenly, probing with searchlight vision, my soul-submarine found itself in a new universe! I was surrounded on all sides by a mystic, flaming radiance. Overwhelmed by Thy supernal blessings, I beheld and reveled in Thy presence everywhere.

173

Bless me, that I may know that I am Dreaming, even though my senses tell me I am Awake

As we rest in sleep, wake in the morning to our daily round of desperate-seeming, but only half-conscious, activity, then fall back

to sleep again at night—so also do we pass fleetingly from birth to life to death again, waking ever and again in new bodies, dashing about our appointments and other commitments, delighting in them or groaning at their importunity, then finding ourselves forced to leave everything at death's next summons: dream after dream of ceaseless earthly struggles!

On the sleigh of incarnations we find ourselves sliding by hopes and disappointments; victories and failures; fulfillments and disillusionments. When the smooth snow of easy passage melts, and the underlying ice of insecurity breaks, we find ourselves plunged into heaving seas: eddies of gay then desperate laughter; Sargassos of cloying involvements; vast calms of indifference—ah! all, only dreams!

When at last I awoke in Thee, I discovered that I'd been dreaming all along! I'd only thought I was awake.

1 7 4

I locked my Sacred Aspirations in my Soul-Vault

My finiteness has gone to rest, cradled in Thy arms of infinite perception. Noisy sense impressions quieted at the sound of Thy softly approaching tread of inner peace.

Calming my breath, wakeful in higher awareness, I sat, still-ly waiting.

Inner sounds—soul-melodies—burst out in welcome to Thy majestic coming, O King Silence, with Thy approach to my peace-decked meditation chamber.

In the darkness, hidden diamond-chips of broken dreams dimly glittered, hinting at the blazing glory of Thine approach. I gathered all my sacred aspirations, and tied them together into a single

bouquet with strings of countless graces that I had received from Thee. Then I offered that bouquet at Thy feet. Lo! My humble offering was transformed into a bouquet of gold! With this gold will I construct a shining, ever-enduring temple in my soul, wherein I will sit on Thy throne of peace.

1 7 5

Dance in me Thy dance of Infinity

O Mother Divine, I have learned to love Thy dance of destruction! For I see, now, that what is destroyed is my own ignorance and folly!

Thou hast shattered again and again with Thy war-dance of destruction my fragile cage of bones and flesh, and consigned it to crematory flames. Thou hast done so smilingly, to show me and everyone that our souls are ever free, and cannot be burned or broken.

With Thy mercy Thou hast stripped away—sometimes, seemingly with harshness, but always with loving purpose—the countless hardened, mud-encrusted covers of delusion that coated us.

I appreciate, now, Thy dance of devastation, Mother! Together let us cremate my every desire, frailty, weakness, and finitude, forever and ever. I'll join Thee, laughing, in Thy dance of evil's destruction.

O Mother, since nothing more is left, now, of my finiteness for Thee to destroy, dance in me Thy Dance of infinity and of cosmic love!

176

We are Thy sense-burned children, wailing for Thy help

The fascinating orange-red fire of false pleasures attracted us, Thy children, to play with its gay, leaping flames. Thy silent voice warned us of the scorching power of those flames—so pleasing at first, but so soul-desecrating. Eagerly, however, we rushed toward the flames, trying to seize them; in so doing, we experienced brief exhilaration. Some of us plunged hands greedily into the devouring blaze, badly scorching their fingers of ambition. Resultant wounds, sores of disappointment, and pustules of satiety made them wail for Thee—but only sometimes, and then only for Thy help.

O Patient Physician, Thou art ever near us with Thy unfailing unguent of forgiveness and love. Teach us to heed Thy warning of pain and disappointment, that we learn to offer Thee joyous songs, and not helpless wails as we writhe complainingly in unnecessary pain.

We are Thy heedless children, allured by the playthings of the world. Teach us at last to play only with the cooling, divinely scintillating light of the Spirit.

177*

Blow Thy music through my Shattered Reed

Thou Master Piper, blow Thy music through the reed of all religions—so often broken by sectarian selfishness—and bring forth Thy *one theme* of truth. Dress that divine melody with many golden chords, showing the richness of Thy Spirit.

* In the 1949 edition, prayer #177 was a duplicate (omitted here) of #71, and the prayer that preceded #220 (#219 here) was left unnumbered. As a result, prayers 177–218 in this book are one number lower than in the earlier edition.

And, O Master Piper! gather together, from all the highways and byways of truth's numerous expressions, all the uncompleted songs of lonely hearts seeking attunement with Thee, and let them flow into complete melodies of joy through the love-playing flute of life!

On my silence-tuned radio-mind I listened daily for Thy thrilling, anciently familiar flute notes. I tried to tune in to them, but Thou seemedst so far, far away, and at first the busy static of restlessness crackled in my silence. Then at last, however, with a few fine, careful touches of concentration, I heard a soft rustling sound, as if on wings of space. And suddenly I heard Thee piping softly, then more loudly and ever-more loudly, with a swelling chorus of all earth's goodness and the latent nobility in all hearts.

178

Heal my Nerves, and install in me new ones, resonant with Thy joy

When Thou camest, I smiled in my soul-cottage by the little brook of life. O Mystic Electrician, the many-tinted bulbs of unawakened happiness, long dependent on my nerve-clogged senses, refused to scintillate with light. For the nerve-wires had been torn and shaken by high winds of outward involvement. O Thou Silent Physician of Illness! Heal my tattered nerves! Restorer of shining currents in our lives, resurrect all the dead nerve-wires not only in me, but in people everywhere. Breathe into their bodies an unleashed flow of power, that all the unlit, bare-wired and dangling bulbs of their senses may suddenly shine again with Thy blazing glory.

I am but the bulb: Thou art the holy energy that can animate it. Thou art, indeed, *both bulb and light*. Help all men to realize this miracle!

Heal all our shattered nerves, and flood all the disease-

clogged wires leading to those bulbs with the effulgence of Thy divine light.

179

Make us Transparent, that Thy Light may shine through us unimpeded

The sunbeams of Thy love shine equally on all the members of Thy cosmic family, whether prophet, hero, villain, tiny moth, or me. It is our own fault if we make ourselves opaque by our own mental and emotional dullness. Teach us to wipe away the dirt of error from the windows of our understanding.

Our arms are weak for the task, owing to our long inner spiritual resistance. O Master Cleanser, lend power to our efforts, that we may wipe away every last spot that clings to our minds, obscuring our transparency and preventing free entry to Thy light. Oh, make us fully clean again, invisible in our egos because transmitting only visions of Thy beauty, which lies within us.

180

Teach me to Conquer Discord by holding close my own Harmony

I care not if the shell-fire of trials scream around me. And I pay little heed to salvo-shots fired in my honor. I mind not if machine-guns of mischief are aimed at me to riddle me: for when Thou art with me, I am safe behind the ramparts of Thy protective light. Without Thee, however, I would never be safe, even in the most impregnable fortress, constructed by the best skills modern science can supply. I try never to rouse the wrath of oth-

ers whose tempers are fiery. No matter how they respond, however, I know that, when I relax inwardly in Thee, no one's anger with me can ever touch me.

Bless me that I may heal the shrapnel wounds of disharmony in the lives of others. Teach me to drive out darkness from their minds, and to prepare them for Thy triumphal coronation in their hearts, O King Light.

Bless me, that I may bring a salve of sweet smiles to all melancholy souls: soothing showers to revive dry, arid minds; sentries of light to banish from their consciousness all the thieves of gloom; nectar of peace to all sorrow-parched hearts; and the glow of kindness to dispel dark cruelty everywhere.

Teach me to subdue discord by calm waves of my own harmony. Teach me to conquer insincerity with sincerity. Bless me, that I may overcome any habit of idle criticism of others by turning censure against myself, instead.

And teach me, finally, to give the nectar-opiate of Thy peace to all tormented minds, that they may find rest in Thee.

1 8 1

Baptize me in the flood of Thy Grace

I was first baptized at the font of this material world. Parental heritage gave me my body. The milk from my mother's breasts baptized me to the feel of flesh. Cloud-born rains, mountain springs, and meadow-nurtured food made me dependent on earth's sustenance.

My imprisoned soul cried at last for freedom from the prison of confining flesh and solicitous maternal care. No more did I want to dwell within the fenced garden of the senses. Yes, I cried for freedom.

Then at last the cloud of silence within me, holding Thee re-

mote, burst, and Thy mercy rained upon me, cleansing me with Thy grace. The rising waters of Thy Spirit broke the narrow boundaries of my soul, baptizing me in Thine expanding waters of infinity.

The power of Thy flood of cosmic consciousness broke the embankments of my senses, and every little bubble of my consciousness dissolved, to be baptized in the waters of Thine omnipresence.

182

Demanding Forgiveness

Teach me to behold myself in others. As I try to explain away my own faults to myself or, if I correct myself, I do so silently, so teach me, Lord, to accept, understand, and forgive others, and (sometimes only) quietly to suggest to them how they might correct a fault if they so wish.

Through kindly tolerance, while shunning the blind brutality of impatient egos, let me lead all stumbling ones, stubborn in their erring, to Thee.

Help me to see that Thy light shines equally everywhere: on good, diamond-bright souls and as much so on coal-black, evil beings. Guide my understanding and invigorate my powers, that I may transform darkened, hate-filled minds into sparkling gems which fully reflect Thy impartial wisdom rays.

Long ago didst Thou wipe away the soot of desire and indifference covering my own soul. Long, now, has it shone with Thy light. I discovered, wonderingly, that I had always been Thy child. Enable me now to wash all souls clean with Thy love: to see and treat even dark souls as Thy children also, and as my very own sleeping brothers. Thy light hides within the most

gloom-shrouded soul, waiting to be revealed and appreciated by all at last. They themselves can bring out their hidden splendor by self-effort and by the good company of those who are seeking Thy ways. Whenever I meet such a self-punishing soul-brother, help me to treat him softly, with patience. Make me ever ready to help all those truth-repudiating souls who now wish to be awakened.

For Thou givest even to the condemned murderer a fresh chance to be better, in a new and unknown body, perhaps in a new environment, with new influences to mold him. Even so, teach us to offer shelter, in the haven of our forgiveness, to the world-forsaken. O Spirit! may the sunshine of our love, which comes from Thee, dispel the chill from all error-frozen souls!

Thou dost eagerly wait to reveal Thyself to entire worlds, if they want to emerge from the sea of wrong-doing. Thy silence before those error-steeped worlds demonstrates Thy patience and Thy ever-proffered forgiveness. Teach us not to deny the sweetness of help even to those persons who try us bitterly with wounding words, or even with blows. Without any expectation of them whatsoever, let us help others to help themselves. In the meantime let us ever forgive them, even those who turn against us because we, respecting their free will, have ceased to help them.

Teach us to forgive even those who most offend us—forgiving them inwardly, first, and then, as we find them receptive, forgiving them outwardly. Help us to scatter fragrant flower-petals of forgiveness, and return sweet speech for every sour word, smiling love for all hatred, heartfelt kindness for people's anger, and brotherly or sisterly goodness for every injury. May we feel that even the most inky-dark soul is immortal—that he is only dreaming imperfection. Inspire us to awaken him with divine forgiveness to the consciousness of his eternal, celestial sonhood, of his inherent purity, and of the deathlessness of his soul.

183

Emerging from the Cocoon of Ignorance

I have heard Thy voice, Divine Mother, saying: "You have long remained enclosed in the cocoon of wrong human habits. Come out! ere the silk-man, Death, come to destroy you! Cut away the delusive, comfort-inducing silken cords of past habits which hold you, falsely secure, in their chamber of death.

"Come out! Cease being a blind human worm sleeping and dreaming human weakness. Come out of your ages-old cocoon of delusion! Spread wings of eternal power and splendor, through spiritualizing your ambitions.

"Come out! Be the butterfly of eternity! Let your wings display their innate divine beauty. Let them spread out over all space, entertained by and entertaining everything, everywhere.

"On wings of beauty, fly through the skies of infinity, attracting all toward everything that is most beautiful. Sun-and-star-dust, glimmering on your wings, banish gloom from every heart as you soar past on your joyous way to your home in Me, O *butterfly of eternity*!"

184

I will hop from Eternity to Eternity

My gold-gossamer astral body, shining with the spark of immortality, hopped, cricket-like, from one blade of existence to another.

Thou hast clothed the barren soil of eternity with grass-blades of many cycles of time. I will hop to them one by one, from one blade of pleasure to another—until I can leap to the safety of Thy reassuring hands. With living threads of Thy joy I was formed. I

am happy to have danced my part in this cosmic show. But I have done, now, with restless hopping. I would find rest, at last, in cosmic changelessness.

Human lives, again, like slowly moving camels, plod ponderously over broad, sandy deserts toward the oasis of self-awareness. As developed beings, their astral bodies pass also from planet to planet. Only in Thee, at last, do they find what they were seeking always. Lord give me again the perfection of fulfillment in Thy Love of Infinity.

185

I want to be Thy Bird of Paradise

With golden plumes of spiritual unfoldment, with the softest down of tender feeling, and decked out in a costume of color and graceful beauty, I am Thy soul-bird of paradise. My wings, sped by the eager desire to progress, beat their way through life's somber skies in continuous search of the paradise of peace.

Despondency has sometimes daubed dark colors on the fragile feathers of my bright, sunny mind.

Oh! Bathe me, Thy bird of paradise, with the cleansing sun-rays of insight, and soothe me with Thy soft-singing melodies of peace.

186

Bless Thy Hummingbird to drink of Thy honey

Miles and miles of eternity I traversed, humming Thy name, seeking the garden of my dreams.

I am Thy tiny hummingbird, busily fluttering the wings of activity in service to Thee. I must travel far to find Thy rare orchid blossoms, and to revel in a symphony of color on far mountain slopes of my dreams.

I am Thy busy hummingbird, ever humming Thy name, dipping my long beak deep into the feeling heart of all soul-qualities: golden, blue, marigold, and flowers of many hues. By Thy grace, may I not, inadvertently, sip any bitter honey of evil.

I am Thy tiny hummingbird, buzzing with Thy unceasing vitality, sipping from all the blossoms in Thy fragrant garden of sweet joy, and in the humblest wayside plots of all human sweetness.

1 8 7

Many Doors opened before Me

Many doors opened before me at the dawn of Thy coming. O Lord, the very earth shone with life when Thou camest. The very ground on which I stood thrilled me because of Thee. Everywhere dumb matter spoke to me, spirit-resurrected by Thy touch. All living things swayed in the incense-breeze of Thy approach, hinting at Thy perfume of bliss.

Thy sanctuary of omnipresence was long hidden by the darkness of my indifference. Now, on the revealed courtyard of Thy temple, I find Thy fountain of joy, gaily bubbling. With uplifted palm-cups of craving, I catch and drink from the vital waters of Thy solace. Lord, I know now that I shall thirst nevermore.

188

Driving the Rebel-King, Ignorance

O mighty, mystic Judge of Life, I asked Thee in my hall of soul-stillness: "What is sin?"

Thy whispers of silence, dim at first, grew into bright articulations of thought; I heard and understood Thy meaning: "Sin is a rebel-king. His name is Ignorance. Ignorance is the perpetrator of all evil, the main root of the tree of ill-health, the primal cause of all error and soul-blindness."

King Ignorance and his army of bacteria—physical disease, mental desires, dullness, and false ambition, spiritual indifference to high truths—have been devastating the nourishing harvest-fields of spirituality.

That harvest of countless fulfillments was ripe for reaping when the harsh tread of error trampled it to the ground. I wanted to weep with despair, when I heard Thy voice whispering to me in my soul: "The sun of My protection shines on thee always—equally on thy sunny days and on thy coal-black, nocturnal hours. Thou shouldst always have faith in Me, and smile, for *the greatest of all sins against Me is not to be happy.* Let the ripples of unceasing smiles play over thy face. Through their transparency My light will come to thine assistance. By *smiling* with determined happiness, thou wilt always please Me."

189

Cure Spiritual Deafness and make me listen to the chorus of Noble Qualities

Can the blind man appreciate the light? Can the deaf man appreciate song?

O Father, how can a person intoxicated with the pleasures of the senses appreciate clearly the benefits of good health and the physical energy and mental clarity that come with self-control?

Father, how can the luxury-satiated and sense-surfeited hear the celestial, peace-giving chorus of noble qualities in simple, humble, but spiritually rich souls?

Bless us, that we may behold in the subtle, beautiful rays of good habits this truth: that virtue is far more attractive, invigorating, and satisfying than vice, and that it opens the way for us to hear Thy guiding voice behind all other sounds.

190

Teach me to spend for Others as I spend for Myself

If, through Thy grace, I have more wealth than others, teach me to share the surplus with those who have less, or even nothing. For Thou art in the poor as much as in the rich. In giving wealth to the rich, Thou gavest it to Thyself. But wealth is not only a blessing: It is also a test to see whether people, having received that blessing, will also be rich enough in compassion to share what they have with those who are less fortunate.

The blessed who care not for the unblessed, and the fortunate who care not for the unfortunate, will never feel Thy deeper blessings in their lives. Blinded by their own selfish opulence, rather, they will be required by Law to be poor again, that they may see that Thou dwellest equally, and sometimes even more openly, in the homes of the poor. The unfeeling rich must experience poverty again and be stripped of their comforts, that they may feel the pinch of others' wants as their own.

Blessed are those who share Thy abundance with others. Riches were given to them that they might learn to give to others. Those,

however, who keep useful treasures locked away, mildewed and rusting, or simply unknown, when man's duty is to make this world better and more beautiful, are like cobras sitting protectively over a hoard of jewels which serve them nothing. The magnitude of their misery is rendered all the more gross by the fact that so many of their brothers are wailing by the wayside for help. Misers will die in the much more grinding poverty of a dry, shriveled soul.

To die rich without having shared anything is really to die poor. And to pass the portals of death willingly impoverished by having gladly shared with others is to die truly rich.

Teach us, Lord, to feel consideration for those who have lost their wealth or their health. Teach us to feel even more for them than we would for any loss of our own. If we shrink at the thought of becoming poor ourselves, teach us, by empathy, to sympathize even more with those who are already being ground under the wheels of material want of any kind.

Teach us to spend as happily and freely for others as we spend for ourselves. Teach us not to love Thy gifts more than Thee, the true Giver of all gifts. For to think more of Thy gifts than of Thee is to separate ourselves from Thee.

Those who share Thy gifts freely with others, even as Thou sharest the gift of life and consciousness with them, find themselves one with the life and consciousness of all.

1 9 1

Teach me to spend for God's work as I spend for myself

Give me holy health, but give my brothers even more, that I may enjoy my greatest health not in this little body, but in my expanded being.

Give me power, but to others give it more abundantly, that I may wield my own strength through the strength of many.

Give me wisdom, that I may make others even more wise, and that I may feel wisdom's rays spreading out over a vast tract of shining minds. For all men are dear to me.

Teach me to behold through all eyes, to work through all hands, and to feel the throb of my own feelings in all. Teach me to feel, act, strive, earn, and especially spend for all as I do for myself.

I want my health to serve also as a model for others' health. I want my own efficiency to turn away from earth's door all inefficiency. I want the inner freedom that comes with wisdom, that I may enjoy that same freedom in all. May all souls, everywhere, find spiritual emancipation!

192

Teach me to see Thine Omnipresent Spirit suffering in the sick

Teach me to feel that, but for the right use of Thy grace and wisdom, I too might have been lame, leprous, or blind; and, were I lame or blind even by my own wrong actions, I would certainly crave to be healed.

So do Thou, whenever I see anyone crippled or shattered by sorrow: Make me feel that it is Thou who art suffering in those forms. Teach me to instill in them, furthermore, the health and peace I myself have attained.

Teach me to sympathize with the cries, needs, and sufferings of others, that I may be as eager to free them from those burdens as I would be to free myself.

Sorrowing, struggling, weeping, and smiling in empathy with the needs of all, may I at last find my soul's real identity with all.

193

Let my songs resound with the magic power of Thy Voice

I drew apart the gross veils of earthly music, O Infinite Musician, and heard Thee playing through the sweet lilt of the violin, through the bright strumming of the harp, and I heard Thy song through the whispered longings of my own mind. O Magic Musician! plucking gently on the hidden feeling-strings of my heart, at last I beheld Thy soft, warm light spreading like dawn over the awakening sky of my mind. Thou Dearest of all singers, Thy notes have awakened me from the slumber of ages! I now stand before Thy altar, eager to offer Thee my own melodies, inspired by Thee.

194

I will be Thine always

I may go far, farther than the farthest star, but I will be Thine always! Devotees may come, devotees may go, but I will be Thine always.

I may bound over billows of many lives under sad, dark skies of loneliness, but I will be Thine always.

The whole world may ignore Thee, engrossed as it is in Thy gifts of money, power, and pleasure—mere playthings!—but I will be Thine always. Take everything from me if Thou willst, but, Lord, I will be Thine always.

Death, disease, and every imaginable trial may riddle and rend me, yet, while the embers of memory still flicker, look into my dying eyes: They will mutely say, "I will be Thine always."

My voice may grow feeble, fail, and forsake me, and yet, with bursting heart and with the silent voice of my soul, I will ever whisper to Thee, "My Lord, I am Thine always!"

195

I Baptize myself in the waters of my Tears of Love

Through long, winding pathways of self-doubt, fording mighty rivers that separated Thee from me, trudging over endless wastes of barren lives, tossing dangerously on the rapids of many ambitions, arduously climbing steep mountain trails of desire, and carefully extricating myself from whirlpools of alternating sadness and hilarity—at last I have reached my journey's end. I look upon all those past travails with joy. Every struggle, every past agony, has produced a flowing spring of joyous, grateful tears. In the sacred waters of those tears, I baptize myself daily with deep love for Thee.

196

Reinforce, Thou, all our blended Prayers

The streamlets of our prayers rush out and conjoin with the well-springs of our hearts, uniting in a single, mighty flow. Our broad, deep-flowing rivers of prayer move swiftly toward Thy oceanic presence, breaking all narrow embankments of indifference, dissolving every eddy and large whirlpool of worldly desire, flowing freely over the protruding rocks of bad habits, and straightening the once-winding ways of delusion. Our great river of devotion crosses sands of human oblivion—uncounted lives, lost in eternity to present memory—and inundates every trace of past trials and painful past experience. Yet even now Thy shores seem far away! Doggedly, our flood moves on toward Thy sea of shining vastness.

Pour, Thou, unceasingly the raindrops of Thy mercy, swelling the flood of our prayers that they reach at last, triumphantly, Thine ever-waiting shores!

197

Rock me to sleep on Thy Bosom of Peace

Thou hast come into my temple at last. The doors of my senses are open wide. The bird of darkness has taken wing. I tune the harp-strings of my heart and sing a song of my ages-old love for Thee. My song will be newly costumed with the fresh notes of my soul.

Wavelets of my song will dance in rhythm within the heaving of Thy great ocean of cosmic consciousness. Growing to great billows of devotion, they will move steadily to Thy shore.

O lullaby of all soothing, rising, crashing waves, sing to me the song of my beloved Mother, Eternity.

O anthem of divine love, rock me sonorously in thy cradle of cosmic vibration, and bring all my restless delusions to sleep at last on Thy great bosom of peace.

198

Perching in the trees of many Lives, I sang Thy songs

I, the nightingale of heaven, perched on the boughs of many lives, singing Thy songs.

My clear song reverberates over soul-leaves that flutter with Thy life. It thrills the night air in the private gardens of centuries, where many sleep, dreaming sweet fantasies or, again, nightmares of delusion. It wakens some of them with soft touches of Thy reverberating, cosmic song.

I fly everywhere, and give concerts to express Thy joy in bowers of receptive hearts. Oh! I will come again and again to lure all souls with my songs, and to teach them Thy songs, and invite them all to fly, like me, in Thy skies of cosmic freedom.

199

Endless thrills of delight

I attuned my life with Thine. Now my life has become a long, unbroken inspiration. Thy fountain of bliss refreshes and delights me night and day, whether I be wakeful, fast asleep, or dreaming fondly of Thee. Oh, what has become of me? Delight on overwhelming delight! Endless, indescribable thrills of divine delight spray unceasingly over me!

O aged nectar! Wine of centuries! I found Thee at last, and will taste of Thy sweetness forever, forever, forever!

200

Teach me to bring all Goodness into the net of my consciousness

Long ago I had a little torch; it was a plaything of my mind. I toyed with it. Atiptoe I would work it, peering into dark, secret corners of my thoughts. In its gleam I would capture glimpses, in dark mental waters, of many little golden minnows of creative ideas.

I caught some of them, and used them for bait to catch bigger denizens of my consciousness. But my hook was small, and many large fish of inspiration got away.

Now I carry a searchlight, and no hook and line, but a net purchased with the precious, gold-spun dreams of increasing understanding. With my large net of woven light, I will sweep the very ocean floor for Thy wisdom. Ah! My expanding net will encompass all Thy ocean! I will haul to myself all the goodness, golden deeds, and drops of inspiration—yes, too, Thy very Self!—and make all that my own.

201

I vow never again to turn my Gaze from Thee

I take this sacred vow: Never will I lower my love's gaze below the eyebrow-horizon of my constant thoughts of Thee! Never will I turn my uplifted inner sight away from Thee! Never will I let my mind dwell on anything that reminds me not of Thee! I will disdain the nightmare of ignorant behavior. I will court all dreams of noble achievement: those of love, kindness, and understanding, for they are Thy dreams.

Though I dream many dreams, wakefully I will ever think of Thee. In the sacred fire of constant remembrance, kept ever alight on my soul's altar, I will ever behold Thy presence with the watchful eyes of devotional love.

Thy grace has shown me that the dualities of health and sickness, life and death, joy and sorrow are but passing fantasies. I am finished with those eternally self-canceling delusions! I am persuaded at last that there is but one abiding reality: Thy eternal, ever-conscious, ever-new, ever-thrilling, infinite Bliss.

202

In the Bursts of Blue Brine my spirit bounds with Thee

In bursts of Thy blue, dancing brine my spirit bounds joyfully toward Thy shores of eternal calmness. Abandoned, now, those discouraging lowland vapors and the self-clouded aloofness of proud mountains. The salty fragrance of Thy vast sea fills my lungs, and invigorates my body with fresh strength.

Oh! what volumes of vital life now flow through my veins with the ocean breezes! Seeking Thine endless, calm shore by the heav-

ing ocean of Thy Creation, I know Thee as Perfection beyond even dreams of paradise! In Thy blue brine I will drink dynamic health for my body, vigor and concentration for my mind, and ever-thrilling joy for my soul. As Thou hast joined at the horizon line the deep ocean of outer experience with the soaring blue sky of superconsciousness, so hast Thou joined the troubled waters of our earthly lives to the soaring vastness of Thy overarching Spirit.

2 0 3

Save us from Religious Bigotry

Our One Father, we are traveling by many true paths to Thy one abode of Supreme Truth. Help us to understand that the diverse religions are all branches on Thy one tree of truth. Bless us, that we may enjoy the intuition-tested, ripe and luscious fruits of self-knowledge that hang from every branch of true scriptural teachings.

Thy temple is but one: Its name is Silence. In it we sing Thee a combined chorus of many religions. Teach us to chant together in harmony! May the combined expressions of our love for Thee make Thee break Thy silence and lift us up, as a Mother does Her children, onto Thy lap of universal understanding and immortality. Sing along with us to confirm Thy acceptance of our chants to Thee.

2 0 4

Prayer-demand to reach the One Highway of Realization

Flower of all Fragrances, awaken our senses!

Lead us not through forests of uncertainty, where many bypaths lead off in diverse directions, twisting and turning, though as it were hopefully, past endless obstacles to Thy City of Light. Take us out

quickly onto that inner highway of realization, the spine, which leads directly to Thee.

O Thou Unfailing Beacon of Light, send Thy illuminating ray into the darkness of our ignorance. Show us the *right way*, and let us not be sidetracked by mere beliefs and dogmas. Help us to *experience* Thee.

No matter what our bypath of formal worship, guide us at last onto the *highway of common soul-intuition*, which leads to direct perception of Thee.

Soaring high above narrow lanes of bigotry, and lightly over unyielding walls of religious prejudice, lift our souls safely up into Thy free skies of bliss. And let us meet together joyfully in Thy unwalled temple of universal worship, with its dome of the free sky not structured by man-made, man-interpreted, man-prescribed beliefs and limitations. There shall we raise chants of devotion to Thy omnipresence, our hymns made sacred by the simple, direct sincerity of our hearts!

Teach us to seek Thee by paying careful, scientific attention, first, to what actually lifts our consciousness: practical techniques of salvation that open our consciousness to experience Thee.

As we live today in a new age of energy, which has given us physical flight, so let us realize that we have it in us to guide our airplanes of thought high above the dark fogs of mere theological opinions, denunciations, and sectarian squabbling to see the same, one sun of truth in turn lighting city after city, country after country, continent after continent. Even so dost Thou bless all equally with Thy love.

O Beacon of Cosmic Light! Send Thy guiding ray of divine understanding into the darkness of our ignorance, that our soaring consciousness may land safely, incarnation after incarnation, on terrain conducive to continued thoughts of Thee.

And, O Flower of Fragrance! Send us the scent of love, to inspire us always in our search for Thee with longing to climb ever

higher into the stratosphere of divine realization. May dreams of Thy perfect garden, far above all space and time—but near to us always, in our hearts!—speed our souls' journey and quench our thirst in Thee.

2 0 5

Flowers and Skies, heralds of Thee

Flowers, cloud-scattered skies, and all beautiful, blossoming scenery: all these only suggest Thy divinity. I enjoy them—I revel in them!

But then they remind me of Thee. In that remembrance, these mere (though glorious) messengers vanish, and the beauty of my own beloved Infinity enthralls me.

2 0 6

Divine Mother, come Thyself into the waiting Temple of our Love

Divine Mother, be Thou the only flame shining on the altar of our hearts. Burn away any darkness that lurks there.

Divine Mother, be Thou the only fragrance rising with the incense of our love for Thee. Permeate any dark nook in the hearts also of those we love.

In our tears of love for Thee, wash away what attraction we feel for material objects. In our tears of communion with Thee, wash away all the sorrows of earth forevermore.

Divine Mother, unite our separate hearts into one, great love, wherein Thy omnipresence can rest forever and forever. Teach us to behold our latent perfection in the clear mirror of Thy divinity. Let the altar-flame of our love for Thee rise in triumph, shaming the little, hissing sparks of all earthly desires.

O Divine Mother, may our love be a shooting star racing gloriously through dark skies of forgetfulness, cutting its way through dark thunder-clouds of worldly preoccupation.

Divine Mother, a million distractions have come to lure us away from thoughts of Thee. Thou Thyself, in order to test us, hast offered false, substitute fulfillments: pompous temple ceremonies to satisfy the ego needs of worldly people; religious organizations shouting, "Salvation can come only through serving this work!"; priests and ministers offering the Gospel, "God will bless you if you give us money!" O Mother, I have done with such outward shows in Thy name. I await Thee now in the *inner* temple of my love.

Steal softly into this silent temple, Mother! With lambent flame banish the darkness of my long ignorance, and grant me safety in Thy ever-shining bliss.

207

O Divine Mother, I am Thine, for Thou art eternally mine

I lay garlands of my devotion, strung with many-hued flowers of lofty inspiration, at Thy lotus feet.

I beheld Thee dancing in the twinkling stars. I glimpsed Thy scintillating magic in the aurora borealis. I heard the dance of Thy beating feet in crashing ocean waves as they rushed toward earth's shores. I marveled at Thy leaps and pirouettes portraying,

on the great stage of time, evolution's fantastic upward sweep. And I thrilled to see, everywhere, excitement and activity in Thy great drama of all life.

Alas, Divine Mother! I have yet to behold Thy bliss-face peeping from behind what I now know to be only veils! The thick clouds of outward appearances are offset by little, teasing hints of Thy smile, reflected in my breeze-rippled, flickering thoughts.

How long I have yearned to behold Thee! My yearning burns with a million tongues of flame. They leap high, and light the vast firmament of my consciousness. The force that holds together the planets binds together also into a heavy ball the burden of my self-recognition, holding me to earth. Yet the twinkling stars of my soul-aspiration spin high overhead, and form a mighty whirlwind which draws me upward. Their light beams down upon me, banishing my shadows of ignorance and dissolving, one by one, all the crusted limitations that cover my soul. Light transforms the gray pebbles of my desires into shining crystals reflecting Thy joy.

By my light of concentrated aspiration, all falseness has been consumed. Ah, but, Divine Mother, where art Thou? A great void around me mocked my very yearning.

"Why?" I asked. And my tears fell—dewdrops of shining light from my firmament above. Then at last Thy sweet voice came, tender with compassion; I heard Thee say: "The very light by which thou seekest Me *is, already, Myself*! Thou hast sought Me elsewhere than in *thyself; yet I am thou! Thou art I!* There can never be aught but thine own Self. I come to thee *through* thyself. Worship me as separate, if you like, but know who I am: thy very own Self! O eternally beloved child, we are one!"

Mother, how can I thank Thee! I will ever be Thine, for Thou art eternally mine. Still, I love to behold Thee through my window of self-understanding as if dancing outside me also; to see Thee smiling with tantalizing sweetness! Yet I know the dance takes place, in truth, only here in my own heart.

208

Thou didst reveal Thy silver rays of Speaking Silence

Divine Mother, I heard Thy voice in the speaking fragrance of the rose. I heard Thy voice in the lisping whispers of my devotion. I heard Thy voice beneath the din of my noisiest thoughts. It was Thy love which spoke through the voice of friendship. I touched Thy tenderness in the softness of the lily.

O Divine Mother, break through the dawn and show Thy face of light! Break through the sun and show Thy face of power! Break through the night and show Thy mooned face! Break through my thoughts and show Thy face of wisdom! Break through my feelings and show Thy face of love! Break through my pride and show Thy face of humbleness! Break through my wisdom and show Thy face of perfection!

As I called to Thee in the wilderness of my loneliness, Thou didst burst through the dawn to greet me with Thy joy. Thou didst emerge from the molten door of the sun to invigorate me through the pores of my life. Thou didst tear away the night of my ignorance to reveal Thy silver rays of speaking silence!

209

In the Temple of United Hearts

It befits not Thy lily-tender feet to dance on the stony soil of hard hearts. On the petals of my sympathy for others may Thy tenderness dance forever.

Divine Mother, may I feel Thy heart-throbs in my own heart; Thy joy in my happiness; Thy wise direction in all my activity; Thy Spirit in my soul.

Divine Mother, I lay all the flowers of my love at Thy feet of eternity. Oh, open wide the flowers of my budding devotion, and release Thy fragrance that it may spread from my soul to the souls of others, ever whispering of Thee.

I pray to behold my love reflected in others. In the light of that greater love may I behold Thine unveiled face of perfect compassion.

May I behold my true self in others, that I perceive Thee ever enthroned in our united hearts.

At the heart of my whispered prayers I feel, stirring, Thy silent whispers. In the light of my burning candle of devotion, I behold at last Thy sacred blaze of perfect love.

O Divine Mother, unite our hearts as one heart, so that, on the sacred altar of united hearts, we may find Thine omnipresence enthroned forever.

210

I pour out my Love at Thy Feet of Immortality

I plucked blossoms of light from dawn's heart as offerings to Thee. I have lighted lamps of wakefulness in the temple of my morning's silence.

I beheld Thy bliss-face emerge from the dark shadows of my ignorance, where it had been hidden for long aeons by my indifference. And, seeing Thy smiling joy, I know that my own happiness mirrored Thy blessed image. My heart's tiny capacity for love mirrored Thy infinite love. My little peace of mind mirrored Thy awe-inspiring, majestic calmness.

I will blame the fates no longer for any suffering that comes my way. Beloved Divine Mother, it was my self-made darkness that hid the glory of our mutual love. Now I see myself reflected

in Thy bliss, and know that I, too, am perfect bliss. For my own mirror is clear, now; I behold Thy reflection in it, O Thou ever-sacred, omnipresent, perfect bliss!

I pour libations of my love at Thy feet of immortality! I pour out my heart to Thee from the overflowing chalice of my soul! I wash with the precious musk of my reverence Thy feet of ever-moving progress in everything.

2 1 1

All futurity danced in me the Infinite Rhythm

I disconnected my awareness from the little garden plot of the senses and switched it to the vast territory of the Infinite. The aurora of my awareness spread like dancing waves of light in the aurora borealis, and embraced Thy cosmic wonderland.

When thus I entered that vast panorama, my awareness no longer dulled by the opiate of sensory noises nor blindfolded by the veil of mere appearances, I stood marveling before countless streams of radiant, rushing thoughts, rippling through millennia from long-dead, still-living, and yet-to-be-born civilizations.

All time—past, present, future—danced its infinitude of rhythms on the stage of my all-embracing consciousness.

2 1 2

With the Torch of our Devotion, blaze away our dark indifference

Divine Mother, let every slap of correction administered by Thee wring from us, Thy children, only cries for Thy love. Change

any moans of suffering we utter into unceasing wails to be lifted comfortingly onto Thy cosmic lap.

O Divine Mother, teach us, even when we are bludgeoned by pain, to sing only Thy exulting songs of joy. Melt our pride in Thy purifying furnace of all necessary trials, to transmute the lead of unseemly arrogance into the pure gold of humility.

Divine Mother, clear out the brooding slum of our selfishness wherein crouch, huddled in pain, the starving, ill-clad urchins of our ignorance. Build there, instead, Thy temple of omnipresence, wherein noble votaries of devotion, solemn reverence, and aspiring love can worship Thee with pure hearts, dressed in the simple, clean garments of single-minded intention.

In that golden temple, softly echoing Thy whispered inner guidance, Thy devotees will offer before Thy altar the frankincense of unceasing remembrance, as they sing to Thee their soul-chants.

O Divine Mother, we lay eagerly at Thy feet all the fresh-cut flowers of our devotion. Our humble prayer to Thee is this: Convert the little altar of our united hearts into the blazing light of Thy omnipresence.

Divine Mother, be Thou the only love of our souls. Ignite our damp wood of earthliness with the flame of infinity. Let the torch of our own devotion blaze in the dark forest of our indifference, restlessness, and ignorance.

Inflame our minds with Thy thoughts! our hearts with Thy love! our souls with Thy eternal joy!

213

The Rocket of my Love

I withdrew the life force from my body. The breath, which had kept me tied to the burden of flesh, no longer shook my aware-

ness. My rocket of life penetrated through the star in the all-seeing eye of light in my forehead. The rocket soared outward, its cone of focused concentration and deep feeling exploded to oneness with the countless atoms of space, and with the little points of self-awareness in all beings. At last, like an expanding cloud-nebula, I embraced the vast Spirit beyond space itself, to enter the heart of Thine omnipresent silence!

214

My lost Music sprang from the Heart of everything

I heard sweet, enchanted music playing faintly beneath the sounds of my outer life, as if coming from forgotten dreams. Stillly I listened, and the music grew more and more subtle, poignant, and sweet, drawing me inward until I could hear it no longer with my earthly ears.

Patiently I waited, striving to think whether I'd ever heard earthly music like the divine nuances of these new melodies. No. In my rich storehouse of memory I found no likeness to those enchanting sounds that had come and gone in my consciousness, like phantoms of idle reflection.

Had I really heard that music, or had I only imagined its sweet harmony? Was it the exquisite expression of my subtle, highest aspirations, or was it only the sound of harmonious whispers of passing fancy?

I waited. Deeply, inwardly, I listened. I entered through the portals of my subtle senses, and walked in the garden of my dreams of eternity.

At last, I saw dancing in those dreams shining waves and bouncing wavelets of craving through countless earthly incarnations. Then I heard, coming faintly over the water, strains of many won-

drous melodies. None, however, were like those soul-recollections which I had heard before, and lost.

Suddenly, in deepest silence, those ancient sounds returned, swelling up from beneath hidden memories of my soul. And then that music engulfed in one, huge billow all my waves and ripples of past craving, all delights and sorrows, all victories and failures, all expectations and disappointments of a myriad past lives. I needed no other sounds, no other vibrations of earthly fulfillment to satisfy my heart. Then it was that the lost music of my soul resounded at the heart of everything, pulsing from the very heart of all my private dreams.

Ear hath never heard,
Thought hath never conceived,
Love hath never trembled with,
Dream hath never visualized,
Tongue hath never told,
Nor can any ever describe
That long-lost, long forgotten,
But yet anciently remembered music.
Behind the curtains of life's ceaseless play
I found again, playing on harp strings of all deep feeling,
The lost, but now found,
Beloved music of my soul!

2 1 5

A million Salutations at Thy petaled feet, O Lotus of Light

A million salutations at Thy petaled feet, O Lotus of Light! I pour out my heart's love before Thee. I pour out my whole being. I offer all the fragrant musk of my soul at Thy feet of omnipresence.

O precious, Blessed One, pipe the song of Thy bliss in the dark

bower of my heart. I am Thy very own! Ever shall I be Thy own! I will laugh at all dangers, for Thy protecting love fills the golden chalice of my constant remembrance of Thee.

I cast every earthly passion and pleasure into Thy sacrificial fire as an oblation of my devotion to Thee. In Thy blessed light I will illuminate all shadows, and expose as illusory my imaginary fears. In Thy radiant light I will remain awake forever, entranced by Thy thrilling, omnipresent bliss-smile through all eternity.

May Thy love shine forever on the sanctuary of my devotion, and may I be able to awaken Thy love in all hearts.

Oh, make my soul Thy temple! Make my heart Thine altar! And make my love Thy home!

216

The imprisoned Bird of Omnipresence was released

The opened door of meditation released the caged bird of omnipresence. It fluttered, then spread its wings, and flew up and outward over infinite spaces. Its joyful song brought peace to every unhappiness-scorched being.

Alas, unaccustomed to its newly found freedom, the soaring bird remembered the little cage that had enclosed it in old ways. It flew back, hopped inside, and folded its wings, hiding again—"safely," as it thought!—with its illusory security.

O bird of eternity, take heart! Break out forever from that little prison of imaginary security, and soar up to thy barless home in everything!

A Prayer

(Received after a great test of God)

In disease or in health, in success or in failure, in poverty or in prosperity, in joy or in sorrow, in disaster or in safety, in life or in death, I stand immutably, unalterably, unshakably loyal, devoted, and firmly loving Thee, my Heavenly Father, forever, forever, and forever!

Prayer-Demands for Children

218

Thou art Love because my Mother loves me

Dear God, I know that Thou art Love, because my mother and my father love me; Thou art my eternal Father and Mother. My friends love me with Thy love, in their hearts. Thou art my best of all friends. Thou art my Teacher through all that happens to me in life. Because Thou lovest me, teach me to love Thee.

219

By loving all my Friends may I find Thy love

Mother Divine, make me love equally every friend in my life. By loving them may I find Thy love in all hearts, everywhere. Teach me to return even greater love to those who love me, and to pray also, and even especially, for those who do not love me. I will secretly enjoy loving them, for they, too—though they know it not!—are my brothers and sisters in God.

220

Teach me to give Smiles to all

Father Divine, teach me to smile freely always. Teach me not to laugh at anyone, but to laugh kindly *with* them. Teach me never to hurt anyone, even with a false smile. Bless me with the grace to make others happy, just as I wish to be happy myself.

221

Come to me as Peace in sleep, and as Joy when I am awake

Dear Heavenly Father, when I'm asleep, come to me as peace. When I'm awake, come to me as joy. When I give kindness to others, come to me as love. When I run, run with high energy through my legs. When I think, send understanding through my thoughts. When I use will power, send your will power through me. Teach me to think, play, behave, and use my will rightly, for Thou art always by me. I love to be guided by Thee, for Thou, more even than my parents, dost always wish the best for me.

222

Thou art so plainly Present everywhere; I bow to Thee

When I dance happily, dear Heavenly Father, I dance with Thee. Wherever I look, I see Thee peeping out at me from just behind everything. I see Thee every day, painting the sky with bright colors. I watch Thee clothing the bare ground with green grass. I see Thee shining in the sunshine. Oh, I see Thee so plainly present everywhere! I bow to Thee!

223

My parents and friends Love me, dear Father, because Thou Lovest me

My parents love me, dear Heavenly Father, because of Thy love for me. My friends love me because Thou dost love me, through them. I love my home, my neighborhood, and my country because Thy love is everywhere. I bow to Thee in my heart.

224

Thou art the Cause of everything: I bow to Thee

Dear Heavenly Father, the moonlight reminds me that all darkness passes. The sun reminds me that my mind, too, should be bathed in light. The seasons change because that is how I can have food to eat. The seasons change, also, to teach me to adjust to all life's changes. Thou art behind everything, teaching deep secrets for living a better life. Always I bow to Thee.

225

I bow to Thee in the sunshine, breeze, dawn, and hearts of Loving Friends

Dear Heavenly Father, when I slake my thirst with cool water, it is Thy nourishment which refreshes me. When I wash myself, I make myself clean for Thee, even as Thou dost want my heart's feelings always to be pure. When I feel the sunshine on my face and skin, I feel Thy love in that warm touch. I bow to Thee in the sunshine, in the breezes, in the dawn, the noon, the evening light. And I bow to Thee in the forms of all those who love me.

226

Teach me to find Happiness in the Joy of others

O Mother Divine, teach me to love others, and to serve them in Thy name. Teach me to be true to my word, even as I want others to be true to theirs. Teach me to love others, even as I want them to love me. Teach me, O Dearest Heavenly Mother, to make others happy, and to make them smile. Teach me to find my happiness in the happiness of all.

227

Teach me to feel Thee as Silence when I close my eyes

Father, teach me not only to listen, but to *understand* what I hear. Help me to practice, myself, anything good that I learn. Teach me to look for Thy hidden hand working in all Nature. Teach me to feel Thy silence when I close my eyes. Oh, I bow to Thee—*Aum*! Amen!

Chants

Make me the Sea

(From a Bengali Song)

So do Thou, my Lord—
Thou and I, never apart;
Wave of the sea,
Dissolve in the sea!
I am the bubble;
Make me the sea!

O God Beautiful

(From Guru Nanak's Song)

O God Beautiful; O God Beautiful;
At Thy feet, oh, I do bow.
In the forest Thou art green;
In the mountain Thou art high;
In the river Thou art restless;
In the ocean Thou art grave.
O God Beautiful; O God Beautiful!
At Thy feet, oh, I do bow!
To the serviceful Thou art service;
To the lover Thou art love;
To the sorrowful Thou art sympathy;
To the yogi Thou art bliss.

I am *Om*, I am *Om*

I am *Om*, I am *Om*,
Om, *Om*, I am *Om*,
Omnipresent, I am *Om*,
All-blessed, I am *Om*,
Omniscient, I am *Om*!
Om, *Om*, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
O my Guru, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
O my Jesus, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
Swami Shankara, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
O my Allah, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
O my Moses come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
O my Nanak, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
O my Krishna, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
Om, *Om*, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
O my Father, come to me,
Come to me, oh, come to me;
I am *Om*, I am *Om*,
Om, *Om*, *Om*! *Om Tat Sat*, *Om*!

The Door of my Heart is Open for Thee

Door of my heart,
Open wide I keep for Thee:
Wilt Thou come, wilt Thou come?
Just for once, come to me!
Will my days fly away without seeing Thee, my Lord?
Night and day, night and day,
I look for Thee night and day.

Lotus-Feet of Divine Mother

Engrossed is the bee of my mind
On the blue lotus feet of my Divine Mother.
Divine Mother, my Divine Mother,
Divine Mother, O my Divine Mother!

I am He; I am He!

(Swami Shankara's chant)

Mind, nor intellect, nor ego, feeling;
Sky, nor earth, nor metals am I,
I am He, I am He, Blessed Spirit, I am He!

No birth, no death, no caste have I,
Father, mother, have I none,
I am He, I am He, Blessed Spirit, I am He!

Beyond all fancy, formless am I,
Free from dreams of all earthly life,
I am He, I am He, Blessed Spirit, I am He!

Bondage I fear not; I'm free in Thy joy!
Free! Oh, free, Lord, free in Thy bliss!
I am He, I am He, Blessed Spirit, I am He!

Poems

My India

Not where the musk of happiness blows,
Not in lands where darkness and fears never tread,
Not in homes where unceasing smiles reign,
Nor in Heaven nor prosperous lands
Would I be born.
If once more I must assume a mortal garb,
A thousand famines may wrack my body,
Waste my flesh, and leave me prostrate,
Yet would I be born again in Hindustan.

A million thieves of disease
May steal my flesh,
And clouds of fate
Send scalding showers of searing sorrow—
Yet would I prefer in India to reappear!

Is this love of mine a blind sentiment
Spurning reason's guidance?
Far from it! I love India
Because it was there I first learned
To love God, and all things beautiful.

Some people counsel all to seize the fickle dewdrop of Life
As it slips down the lotus leaf of time;
They cry, "Live well today: tomorrow we die!"

Some others base their stubborn hopes
On keeping their bodies always well.
India, however, taught me to love above all
The soul of deathless beauty within man's fragile form.
That serves a high purpose, India taught me,
Which lasts after everything dies.
Her sages taught that one should seek the Self
Beyond the ash heaps of discarded bodies,
Beyond the brief, ephemeral incarnations we live
Decked out in panoplies of ignorance!

Through many a land,
Secure in power and plenty, efficiently sustained by science,
My soul, whether garbed in Oriental or Occidental body,
Traveled far and wide o'er the earth.
Ever stumblingly it sought itself.
At last in India was its quest fulfilled.

If mortal fires razed all Indian homes,
And desiccated her paddy fields,
Yet would I rather sleep on that dust, dreaming eternity,
Than sit on a proud throne amid royal pomp.
O, India! I would starve in your poor villages
In preference to entertaining kings in marble mansions!
Invasions have swept over India's wasted lands,
Boastful conquerors have strutted their proud victories:
Scoffing at all they saw,
They commanded abject homage.
Yet has the soul of India been unconquered by any tyrant.
Her independent soul has stood firm:
Never will she lose her inner freedom!
Her defending soldiers are her saints and rishis
Who routed ignorance with calm wisdom,
Universal understanding,

And ever-clear perception of the truth.
The posturing puppets sent by foreign governments
To impose new ways of action, thought, belief—
Marauders bearing hatred, prejudice, and country's pride—
Could never weaken the inspiration God implanted in her soil,
Inspiring ever a vision of oneness, universality, and brotherhood
Among all children of our One Father equally.
My Western brothers, with material might, have overwhelmed my land:
Now loudly blow your conches, all!
India soon will launch a new, return invasion;
Its weapons will consist of kindness, truth, and love!
Its ancient wisdom will amaze the West—the whole world.
Better I love thee, O my India,
Than Heaven or Arcadia,
And thy love I will share
With every brother-nation that accepts my offering.
God made the earth, but man made its confining countries
With their fancy-frozen boundaries.
Love, however, imported from Infinity,
Will inspire equally all true souls, everywhere.
My India's borderland embraces the whole world!
Hail, Thou mother of religions, lotus, scenic beauties, and great sages!
Thy doors are open wide to welcome
God's true sons from every corner of the earth,
Where Ganges, woods, Himalayan caves, and men dream God.
I am hallowed; my body touched that sod!

The Lost Two Black Eyes

(Written after my mother's death)

Whence came
That black-eyed vision?
It flickered in my life a fleeting moment.
Whither did it vanish?
The twilight of many incarnations
Burned in those eyes;
Many lights of my love's dreams
Have met before in the bower of those eyes.

Today, but a Godless altar—
Lifeless, empty eyes
Are all that remains before my outward gaze.
O Thou Secret Queen of the highest heavens,
From what unknown region
Didst thou come on tiptoe, silently
To bewitch with hidden meaning those two, perfect eyes?

When bitter speech, sometimes,
And sadness of higher yearning
Drove me to seek firm answers,
Often I discovered safety
In the harbor of those two eyes.
Now death—a life-disrupting earthquake—
Has removed from me forever
Those dream-sheltering eyes.
Wind-driven from the harbor of those eyes,
I sailed my boat, seeking Thee again
In the sea—in the sky.
Threefold-sorrow: no nurturing, no comforting, no loving smiles!
Storm-driven, the boat of my life,

Now motherless, is without a rudder.
Therefore, now, my boat sails on through unknown regions,
Rudderless, directionless,
Searching through sea and sky
For those two lost, dark eyes.
Many other starry eyes
Twinkled in black depths, hinting at kindness and sympathy,
But they were not those two black eyes I had lost.

Many black eyes, affection-saturated,
Called to me—offering to appease
My motherless sorrow,
To make me feel less bereft and orphaned.
But how could any match
The love-call in the glance
Of those two lost, dark eyes?
The love in those two black eyes,
Like the moon, had set upon the region
Of all eyes, everywhere.
Seeking those two eyes
In memories of past births and deaths
In countless lives and in countless broken dreams
In lands both known and unknown,
At last I found my mother's eyes
In the all-penetrating eyes of my *Divine Mother*.

Divine Mother's countless black eyes
Pervaded all space and gazed at me from all hearts.
They lurked at the cores of all planets,
And shone with supportive love from all stars.
Within and outside of everything,
Those two dark eyes gazed at me tenderly—
Everywhere!

Seeking, ever seeking my departed mother,
I found the Deathless Mother of the universe.
What I had lost in my earthly mother's death
I found again, forever, in my Cosmic Mother.
My human mother's dear, lost black eyes
I found smiling at me tenderly
From the heart of all space,
And at the soundless center of all atoms.

I asked my Mother Divine—
"Oh! How cruelly, carelessly, without warning
Didst Thou strip away the diamond
Of my mother's love from the ring of my heart!
Why, Mother? How couldst Thou have hurt me so?"
The cloud-voice
Of my Divine Mother then spoke,
Thrilling my inner firmament:
"Many times have I fed thee with milk
From the breasts of many mothers.
This time, the loving black eyes of your mother,
Though lost for a little while,
Were no one else but I, My very Self.

"When I saw that thy wisdom and thy cosmic love
Had lost their way
In the jungle of those two dark eyes,
I set fire
To that alluring darkness.

"I stole from thee those two, imprisoning black eyes
To free thee that thou mightest seek
Their essence in My eyes,
And might'st find that essence, then, in the soulful eyes
Of all earthly mothers.

Behold! the eyes of all
Are but dim suggestions of My eyes.

"I broke that dream-made,
Finite mother-form of Mine,
That thou might'st behold Me,
Thy Infinite Mother,
In the form of every soulful woman,
And in My own shining Cosmic Form."

I Am Here

Alone I roamed by the ocean's shore,
And watched
    The wrestling waves in brawling roar—
Bounding with Thine own restless life.
I saw Thee in Thy angry mood, tossing and foaming
Until the very vastness of Thy wrath made me shiver
And turn away in dread from so much violence and strife.
And then I walked inland.
    A kindly, spreading, sentinel tree
Waved friendly arms to comfort me—
Consoling me with gentler look sublime,
Its leaves and branches swayed in tender lullaby-rhyme,
Conveying a message that I knew was Thine.
Above me, high,
    I saw the gaugeless, mystic sky;
And, childlike, in dim valleys I sought to pry out
Thy secrets, and to play with Thee.
In vain, alas, did I seek Thee hiding there,
Cloud-robed, foam-sprayed, leaf-garlanded—
Too elusive for mortal eyes to see or ears to hear.
And yet,
    I knew that Thou wert always near,
As if playing hide-and-seek with me,
Receding each time when I almost touched Thee.
I groped for Thee in the maddeningly complex folds
Of dark ignorance—as old as time itself is old.
At last—
    I ceased my search, almost in despair:
What hope had I of finding Thee,
Thou Royal, Sly Eluder!

Thou art, I know, everywhere—
Yet Thou seemest nowhere: lost in unplumbed space,
Where none may clasp Thee or behold Thy face!
Yes, despairing,
    I ceased my fruitless search,
Turned huffily *away* from Thee:
My ploy was unsuccessful!
Still, still no answer from the wrathful sea,
And only whispers from the friendly tree;
Naught but silence from the limitless blue sky—
Silence from valleys low and mountains high!
Like a hurt child, *within the depths of me*
I hid and sulked—no longer seeking Thee.
And then, lo! suddenly:
    Unheralded, an Unseen Hand
Snatched from my eyes that all-black band
Which had blinded me so long with fold on fold.
No longer weary, but filled with strength untold,
I stood, and gazed again:
A laughing sea instead of wrathful roars!
A gay, glad world with mystically opening doors!
With only mists of dreams between,
Someone beside me stood unseen—
And whispered to me, calm and clear:
    "Hello, playmate! I am here!"

Samadhi

Vanished the veils of light and shade,
Lifted every vapor of sorrow,
Sailed away all dawns of fleeting joy,
Gone the dim sensory mirage.
Love, hate, health, disease, life, death,
Perished these false shadows on the screen of duality.
Waves of laughter, scyllas of sarcasm, melancholic whirlpools,
Melting in the vast sea of bliss.
The storm of *maya* stilled
By magic wand of intuition deep.
The universe, forgotten dream, subconsciously lurks,
Ready to invade my newly wakened memory divine.
I live without the cosmic shadow,
But it is not, bereft of me;
As the sea exists without the waves,
But they breathe not without the sea.
Dreams, wakings, states of deep *turiya*, sleep;
Present, past, future, no more for me,
But ever-present, all-flowing I, I, everywhere.
Planets, stars, stardust, earth,
Volcanic bursts of doomsday cataclysms,
Creation's molding furnace,
Glaciers of silent x-rays, burning electron floods,
Thoughts of all men, past, present, to come,
Every blade of grass, myself, mankind,
Each particle of universal dust,
Anger, greed, good, bad, salvation, lust,
I swallowed, transmuted all
Into a vast ocean of blood of my own one Being!
Smoldering joy, oft-puffed by meditation,

Blinding my tearful eyes,
Burst into immortal flames of bliss,
Consumed my tears, my frame, my all.
Thou art I, I am Thou,
Knowing, Knower, Known, as One!
Tranquilled, unbroken thrill, eternally living, ever new peace!
Enjoyable beyond imagination of expectancy, *samadhi* bliss!
Not a mental chloroform
Or unconscious state without wilful return,
Samadhi but extends my conscious realm
Beyond the limits of the mortal frame
To farthest boundary of eternity
Where I, the Cosmic Sea,
Watch the little ego floating in me.
The sparrow, each grain of sand, fall not without my sight.
All space like an iceberg floats within my mental sea.
Colossal Container, I, of all things made.
By deeper, longer, thirsty, guru-given meditation
Comes this celestial *samadhi*.
Mobile murmurs of atoms are heard,
The dark earth, mountains, vales, lo! molten liquid!
Flowing seas change into vapors of nebulae!
Aum blows upon the vapors, opening wondrously their veils,
Oceans stand revealed, shining electrons,
Till, at last sound of the cosmic drum,
Vanish the grosser lights into eternal rays
Of all-pervading bliss.
From joy I came, for joy I live, in sacred joy I melt.
Ocean of mind, I drink all Creation's waves.
Four veils of solid, liquid, vapor, light,
Lift aright.
Myself, in everything, enters the Great Myself.
Gone forever, fitful, flickering shadows of mortal memory.

Spotless is my mental sky, below, ahead, and high above.
Eternity and I, one united ray.
A tiny bubble of laughter, I
Am become the Sea of Mirth Itself.

Samadhi means the oneness of human consciousness with cosmic consciousness. Man's consciousness is subject to relativity and dual experience. In meditation, there are three aspects: the meditator, the act of meditation, and God (the object of meditation). *Samadhi* is final union, which comes from deep, continuous, correct meditation. In this state, the three factors of meditation become one. Just as the wave melts in the sea, so the human soul becomes the Supreme Spirit.

Through Oneness in *samadhi*, the dualities of human experience disappear. Everything is perceived as only a manifestation of the Supreme Spirit. In this state, the soul can perceive the spiritual ocean with its waves of creation; or see the same ocean transcendentally calm, existing without its waves of creation.

In the first state of *samadhi* (known as *sabikalpa*) the yogi, his soul united with the Spirit in deep meditation, becomes so absorbed in the Spirit that he is oblivious of the material and subtler created universes. A somewhat similar experience, on a lower plane, is experienced when one becomes so absorbed in a book, or in thinking, that he is unaware of anything happening around him. This state is not unconscious, for unconsciousness implies both inner and outer lack of awareness. Such unconsciousness is easily induced by drugs, anesthetics, and other artificial means. The full spiritual consciousness of even the lower *samadhi*, however, can be attained only through the regular, continuous, right discipline of meditation; it has nothing in common with unconsciousness.

The first state of *samadhi*, in which the yogi finds everything withdrawn and absorbed into Spirit, is known, as I said, as

sabikalpa samadhi. The higher and greater state of *samadhi* is *nirbikalpa*, in which the yogi, having realized the Spirit alone without its Creation, perceives the Spirit also, simultaneously, as both beyond Creation and untouched by it, and also as manifested in all Creation. Here, one's consciousness becomes cosmic consciousness. His domain of consciousness now extends out from his body to include the whole universe. He becomes the Ocean of Spirit, simultaneously watching the little bubble of his body bobbing about, as it were, on that sea. His consciousness perceives all motion, and each mutation of life from the circling stars to the fall of a sparrow and the whirling of the smallest electron.

The yogi who has entered this final, highest state of *samadhi* sees all things also in their subtlest essence: Solids melt into liquid and molten states; liquids into gases; gases into energy; and energy into cosmic consciousness. He lifts the four veils of solids, liquids, gases, and energy and beholds the Pure Spirit underlying them, and thus *knows himself as Spirit.* He sees how the objective universe in Nature and the subjective universe in each individual conjoin in Spirit. His expanded self merges into the great, spiritual Self; they become one. The spiritual Self, being the first cause, and capable of existing without material manifestation, is infinitely greater than the little, egoic self.

Thus, the negative conception of God, as having nothing in common with human ways, is removed. The yogi, instead of finding a cessation of all life and joy—even a vast void, as unenlightened followers of the Buddha believe—becomes the eternal fountain-head of bliss and of all life. The tiny bubble of laughter becomes the sea of mirth itself. In knowing God *one does not lose anything at all*: He gains *everything*!

It should be added that it is still possible for the yogi to fall from the state of *sabikalpa samadhi*, for, from that lower *samadhi*, he must return to ego-consciousness. One is freed forever once he attains the highest state: *nirbikalpa samadhi*.

⋙ *Om* ⋘

Whence, whence this soundless roar doth come
When drowseth matter's dreary drum?
On shores of bliss, *Om*, booming, breaks!
All earth, all heaven, all body shakes!
Cords binding one to flesh are severed all,
Vibrations burst, meteors fall!
The hustling heart, the boasting breath
No more shall cause the yogi's death;
All Nature lies in darkness soft,
Dimness of starlight seen aloft;
Subconscious dreams have gone to bed . . .
'Tis then that one doth hear *Om*'s tread;
The bumble-bee now hums along—
Hark! Baby *Om* doth sing His song!
From Krishna's flute the call is sweet:
'Tis time the Watery God to meet!
Now, the God of Fire is singing!
Om! *Om*! *Om*! His harp is ringing.
God of *Prana* now is sounding—
Wondrous, breathing-bells resounding!
Oh! Upward climb the living tree;
Hark to the cosmic symphony.
From *Om*, the soundless roar! From *Om*
The call for light o'er dark to roam.
From *Om* the music of the spheres!
From *Om* the mist of Nature's tears!
All things of earth and heaven declare,
Om! *Om*! Resounding everywhere!

God! God! God!

From the depths of slumber,
As I ascend the spiral stairway of wakefulness,
I will whisper:
God! God! God!

Thou art the food, and when I break my fast
Of nightly separation from Thee,
I will taste Thee, and mentally say:
God! God! God!

No matter where I go, the spotlight of my mind
Will ever keep turning on Thee;
And in the battle din of activity, my silent war-cry will be:
God! God! God!

When boisterous storms of trials shriek,
And when worries howl at me,
I will drown their noises, loudly chanting:
God! God! God!

When my mind weaves dreams
With threads of memories,
Then on that magic cloth will I emboss:
God! God! God!

Every night, in time of deepest sleep,
My peace dreams and calls, Joy! Joy! Joy!
And my joy comes singing evermore:
God! God! God!

In waking, eating, working, dreaming, sleeping,
Serving, meditating, chanting, divinely loving,
My soul will constantly hum, unheard by any:
God! God! God!

All Bow to Thee

Thou art the One Infinite to the monist;
Thou art God and Nature to the dualist;
Thou art the finite many to the polytheist;
Thou art everything, O God, to the pantheist.
Thou art the God of monists, dualists, polytheists, and pantheists.
Thou art both the Infinite Ocean and all its finite waves of creation.
Because Thou art everything—
The souls of monists, dualists, polytheists, pantheists—
All bow to Thee!

God's Boatman

I want to ply my boat, many times,
Across the gulf after death,
And return to earth's shores
From my home in space.
I want to load my boat
With all those waiting, thirsty ones
Who have been left behind,
That I may carry them to the opalescent pool
Of iridescent joy,
There where my Father distributes
His all-desire-quenching, liquid peace.
Oh! I will come back again and again!
Crossing a million crags of suffering,
With bleeding feet, I will come,
If need be, a trillion times,
As long as I know that
One stray brother is left behind.
I want Thee, O God,
That I may give Thee to all!
I want salvation,
That I may give it to all!
Free me then, O Lord,
From the bondage of this body,
That I may show others
How they too can free themselves!
I want Thine everlasting happiness,
But I want also to share it with others—
That all my brothers may find the way to happiness,
Forever and forever, in Thee!

Flight

I closed my eyes and saw the skies
Of dim opalescent infinity spread round me.
The grey chariot of the dawn of awakening,
Decked with lights giving subtle vision,
Came and took me away.
I zoomed through space—
Bored through the mysterious ether,
Passed through age-hidden spiral nebulae,
And soared, willy-nilly, on and on,
Left, right, north, south, above, below.
I found no landing.
But going into distracting tailspins
I spun through limitlessness.
I whirled through eternal banks of lights,
Until, bit by bit, my chariot melted
Into that all-transmuting flame;
My body melted in that purifying fire;
My thoughts melted in that consuming blaze—
And my feelings all became pure, liquid light.

My Devotion

O Thou Mother of all conscious things,
Be Thou consciously receptive to my prayers.
Through Thee I know all that I know;
And Thou knowest all I know,
So Thou knowest my prayers.
And, knowing and feeling Thee constantly thus,
I know that Thou art I, and I am Thou.
My little wavelet has vanished in Thee.
I know Thee alone as all existence;
Thou alone art the Ever-existent;
Thou dost exist now,
And Thou shalt be evermore.
Thou art impersonal, invisible,
Unseen, formless, omnipresent,
But Thou art also personal through my love.
Forever I want to worship Thee
As both personal and impersonal.
By my devotion
I have beheld Thee
Sometimes as Krishna,
Sometimes as Christ,
Personal, visible, and imprisoned in little forms,
And hidden within the little temple of my love.
O Invisible One! as Thou didst freeze
Part of Thine unseen Infinitude
In the arctic ice of finitude,
So do Thou appear unto me,
Visible and living—
That I may serve Thee always.
I want to see Thee as the ocean of all life,

Both with and without the ripples of Creation.
O Creator of all things:
I want to worship Thee as Everything!

After This

After the prison-petals of this earth-life fade away,
And my soul-perfume disappears
With the mighty, cosmic wind of Spirit,
No more would I be confined in the flower-cage of life.
If I must return, however,
Let it be to mingle the dewdrop tears of other prison'd souls
with my own,
That I may show them the way by which
I myself won my freedom.
Oh! I would not mind dwelling for a time
In the roses and the daffodils,
If it were by my own free will;
But *forever* to stay even behind the bars of beauty,
Reveling in the sunrays,
Violet and gold, I care not.
No more will I be compelled to live
In even the most beautiful, golden heaven:
To me it would be only a cage!
Freely, from flower to flower will I fly!
I will wear the dark veil of the night;
I will shimmer with the myriad stars,
I will be their very light!
I will be the waking of the dawn—
And I will shine in the warming rays of friendship!
I will be the shepherd of stray souls,
And also the humblest lamb in all His fold.
I will be the most famous among men,
And the very-least-known in a cosmic cycle!
I will be the tiniest cosmic spark,
And will also roll with the mighty vapors of life,

Dashing myself exuberantly
Upon rocks of worldly strife!
I will be the clouds, wearing rainbow-garlands.
I will puff out bubbles of planets with my breath,
Then float them on the tides of space!
I will be the babbling brook
And the voice of the nightingale!
As emotion-waves, I will surge on the sea of all beings!
Holding to a little flotsam of laughter,
I will float to the endless shore of supreme bliss!
I will sing through the voices of all;
I will preach in all temples, and through all prayers;
I will think with the thoughts of all;
I will love everything and everyone with the love of God!
The hearts of all will be my heart,
The souls of all will be my soul,
And the smiles of all—my smile!

Beds of flowers, or vales of tears;
Dewdrops on buds of roses—
Or miserly people, as dry as desert-sands;
The little, running joys of childhood,
Or the stampede of wild passions;
The ebb and flow of laughter,
Or the haunting melancholy of sorrow;
The will-o'-the-wisp of desire,
Which leads men only from mire to mire;
The octopus-grip of self-complacency,
Time-beaten habits;
The first cry of the new-born babe—
And the last sigh of death;
The bursting joy of good health
Or the cruel ravages of disease—
These, all, are but shadows
Seen by us on the cosmic mental-screen.
Shadows—naught but shadows!
Yet shadows have, oh, so many shades!
For there are dark shadows,
And there are light shadows—
And thus it is we see:
Even shadows may entertain!

Wherever We Go

Whether in Himalayan caves or crowded subway;
Whether in the concrete jungle of modern life,
Or in a simple village in Hindustan:
Wherever we go, teach us to seek Thee out
In all Thy secret nooks—east, west, north, south—everywhere!

Thy Divine Gypsy

I will be a gypsy—
Roam, roam, and roam.
I will sing a song that none has sung!
I will sing to the sky,
I will sing to the winds,
I'll sing to my red clouds!
I'll roam, roam, and roam—
King of the lands through which I roam.

By day, the shade trees will be my tent.
By night, the stars shall be my candles
Twinkling in the firmament;
I will call the moon, then, to be my lamp
Lighting my silver, skiey camp.
Oh! I will be a gypsy—
Roam, roam, and roam.

I'll eat the food which chance may bring;
I'll drink from crystal sparkling springs;
I'll doff my cap and off will go.
Like a wayward brook of long ago,
I will roll o'er the green
And scatter joy petals from my heart
To birds, leaves, winds, hills—and then depart
To strange and still stranger lands, from East to West.
Oh! I will be a gypsy—
Roam, roam, and roam!

But always, when I lay my head to rest,
I'll sing to Thee my gypsy prayer,
And find Thee, always, everywhere.

Come . . . Listen to my soul-song!
The darkness burst,
And Thy descending shafts of light
Pierced the clouds of gloom
To listen to my soul-song!

Behind the screen of my eyes,
Though hidden Thou art,
Thou dost linger unseen
To listen to my soul-song.

Burst the veils! Burst the blue!
Burst all lights!
And come to me as Thou art,
To listen to my soul-song.

Burst my senses and my mind!
Burst my heart and feeling!
Burst my silence and my soul
To listen to my soul-song.

Burst the heart! Burst the sky!
Burst the soul!
And come, listen to my soul-song,
Come, listen to my soul-song!

In the breeze I feel Thy touch;
In the sun, Thy warm love;
In colorful scenery I see Thy beauty-face;
In the waves, I see Thee dancing—
Leaping, ever lightly!
Thou dost pirouette o'er my thoughts,
And listen ever to my soul-song.

Listen to my soul-song!
Break the heart, break the sky, break the soul!
Come, listen to my soul-song!
Hovering o'er clouds,
Lingering o'er the lea—
Thou hast come
To hear my soul-song.

Beneath the dim gloom of my devotion,
Hidden Thou dost remain—
To listen to my soul-song.

Behold not those sarcastic smiles
Which are conceived in the dark womb of hate.
Welcome not those bandit smiles
Which rob people of sincerity.
Wear not the serpent smiles
Which hide their venom
Behind stings of laughter.
Banish the volcanic smiles
Of subterranean wrath.
Bedim not that mirror of thy soul—thy face—
With shades of pitying smiles.
Let no witless, noisy, muscle-contorting laughter,
Like a boisterous ruffian, echo the emptiness of thy soul.

Let fountains of joy
Gush out from the soil of thy mind,
Spread fine sprays of sensitive smiles in all directions,
And send out their vitality to all laugh-thirsty hearts.
Let the lake of thy smiles break its embankment
And flow outward to infinity.
Let smiles fly out gaily from thy heart to the lonely stars,
Brightening their twinkles with divine laughter.
Let the flood of thy laughter
Inundate the drought of dry, over-rational minds,
Sweeping away the barriers of cold formality.

Spread thy smiles with the dawn
To banish all gloom from others' minds.
Send shafts of thy golden smiles, like sunlight,
Through every dark cloud of despondency,
To brighten others' days of depression and gloom.

Command thy smiles to resurrect life
In the semi-conscious, walking, dead.
Smile for those living dead also,
Whose grim peace betokens at least victory over pain.
Let thy smiles pulverize to atoms
The rocks of all sorrow.
Let thy smiles meander alike
Through desert minds and oasis hearts.
Let thy deluge of smiles fearlessly sweep
Through all minds, through all dark, lonely alleys,
Drowning or washing away
Every barrier of human pain.

When God laughs through the soul,
And the soul smiles through the heart,
And the heart smiles through the eyes,
Then the prince of smiles is crowned
'Neath the canopy of thy celestial brow.
Protect thy prince of smiles in a castle of sincerity.
Let no rebel hypocrisy lurk in dark woods, waiting to destroy it.
Spread the gospel of smiles,
To purify all homes with health-giving laughter,
Loose wildfires of thy smiles
To blaze through thickets of melancholia.
Open the long-bottled musk of smiles,
And scatter its perfume to all men.
Intoxicate all with the wine of thy smiles.
Take rich smiles from every joyous soul.
Excavate smiles from the mine of all true mirth.
North, south, east, and west: wherever thou goest,
O smile-millionaire,
Scatter thy golden smiles—
Freely, freely, everywhere.

In the Land of Dreams

(The land here described is, essentially, the rest found in superconsciousness, or at least in semi-superconsciousness.)

Each night, as my Spirit roams
In vast spheres of slumber,
I become a hermit, renouncing all title,
Body-form, possessions, opinions, and beliefs—
Breaking my self-erected prison walls
Of flesh and earthly limitations;
I am an all-pervading Son of God,
No longer lumped in dingy clod,
Nor tied by thick cords to birth and death,
To petty self-importance, social standing,
Or the duty-mirage of self-interested activity.

There in sleep's altered dimension
I have no country to claim me as its own,
No church, mosque, or temple to tell me what I owe to it;
I am neither Western nor Oriental,
Not encased in a hide of racial inheritance.

In dreamland's limitless domain
My Spirit revels in its freedom;
Freedom alone is my true religion!
Roaming gaily through that countryside, gypsy-like,
I pilfer joy everywhere.
There is none to dictate to me,
I am free, now, to rule myself!
Behold, the once-bonded slave has become a god!
This sleeping mortal: the awakened, deathless Lord!
The unseen, unheard God am I,
Drinking, breathing gladness;

Gliding in winged glory
Over endless continents!
Free from all haunting fears
Or any possible crash and shattered skull;
No solids, there, to knock against,
No lurking waters to drown me in their depths;
No dank, clinging vapors to choke me,
No fire to burn my cringing flesh.

Free from even the memory
Of that all-demanding, fragile body,
I spread myself o'er all space:
All things am I!
Could anything or anyone dare injure me?
Nothing could even touch me!
Vastness itself could not bear
To strike my little self,
For it would mean only smiting itself.
Unknown to all but Myself,
I wake, walk, dream,
Eat, drink, ride about in Joy,
Being myself the Joy so long I sought—
The Joy all seek.
So little, ah, so little was I
While dreaming in my half-asleep state of wakefulness!
Now at last, awake in truth, I have no boundaries:
My state may be described, now, as sleepless-wakefulness!

Is friendship the weaving of the red strings of two hearts?
Is it the blending of two minds into a spacious one-mind?
Is it the spouting of love founts together—
To strengthen the rush of love on droughty souls?
Is it the one rose grown 'twixt twin mind-branchlets
Of one compassionate stem?
Is it the one thinking in two bodies?
Or, is it like two strong stallions,
Disparate in color and mien,
Pulling the chariot of life together
To the single goal with one mind sight?
Is friendship founded on equalities or inequalities?
Is it built on diverse stones of differences?
Is friendship the unthinkingly agreeing,
The hand in hand, blind walking of two souls,
Foolishly rejoicing in their united folly,
Falling at last into a pit of disillusionment?

Friendship is noble, fruitful, holy—
When two separate souls march in difference
Yet in harmony, agreeing and disagreeing,
Glowingly improving diversely,
With one common longing to find solace in true pleasure.
When ne'er the lover seeks
Self-comfort at cost of the one beloved,
Then, in that garden of selflessness
Fragrant friendship perfectly flowers.
For friendship is a hybrid, born of two souls,
The blended fragrance of two unlike flowers
Blown together in love's caressing breeze.
Friendship is born from the very core

Of secret, inexplicable likings.
Friendship is the fountain of true feelings.
Friendship grows in both likeness and difference.
Friendship sleeps or dies in familiarity,
And decays in lusts of narrow-eyed selves.
Friendship grows tall and sturdy
In the soil of oneness in body, mind, and soul.
Demands, deceptions, sordid sense of possession,
Courtesy's lack, narrow self-love, suspicion,
These are cankers which eat at the heart of friendship.
Ah, friendship! Flowering, heaven-born plant!
Nurtured art thou in the soil of measureless love,
In the seeking of soul-progress together
By two who would smooth the way each for the other.
And thou art watered by attentions of affection
And the tender dews of inner and outer sweetness
Of the inmost, selfless heart's devotion.
Ah, friendship! Where thy soul-born flowers fall—
There, on that sacred shrine of fragrance,
The Friend of all friends craves to come and remain!

To the Aurora Borealis

From beyond the far northern horizon
A dim, palpitating fountain of flame
Spread flickeringly
Through the dark, stray clouds that covered the Milky Way,
Across the sky above,
Soft-glowing, liquid, fleecy lights
Rose, quivered, and shot rays toward the south.
Aurora Borealis lit the sky.
It played, reflected in deep, limpid lakes,
Sent scintillating, transparent flickers that obscured the stars;
Then, as I turned within, floated dream-waves of light
In my mental sea.
Flickering thoughts, like stars, still fluttered
Through my dim mental clouds;
My wisdom's flashing light then rose from medulla's horizon
And spread out with lambent light
To brighten, and then dispel,
Dark vapors of my mind.
O Lord! Thou lone, matchless Source of all imitated beauty:
Spread Thy aurora of light and joy
O'er night-dark hearts everywhere!
Thou greater than the bursting light in my own forehead!
As the Aurora Borealis shoots rays to left and extreme right,
Throwing sudden, iridescent reds, greens, and blues
In sky-brightening searchlights,
To kiss the sky with lovers' new-born fervor,
And sends out ethereal, mystic flames
To leap joyously, then vanish in the all-swallowing night,
So do I see Thee within me, radiant with joy.
Fountains of strange, bright colors

Flashed out over my mental sky:
They illumined the opaque darkness,
And revealed Thy Light of all lights residing there.
A vision of ever-changing, rolling, molten light
Coaxed the stars, the trees, the water, all earth, all matter
To melt their grossness,
And merge into the Cosmic Light.
The Aurora inspires me with hope that
I shall liquefy in my *samadhi's* fire
All grossness of my mortal being, all Creation's dust.
Matter shall dissolve, and turn to light;
The darkness will burst in atoms of leaping fire;
My little soul will breathe with eternal breath—
And with my each inhalation in Thee
New star clouds will be born,
And when I exhale my cosmic breath
Whole galaxies will cease to spin, and even to be.
The feeling in my body will expand to become Thy bliss.
No longer must I sustain this little clod of flesh,
My cosmic bosom lightly bears the burden, now,
Of twinkling vapors, gaseous nebulae,
Mighty shining stars, revolving planets, and all living things:
For I am Life Itself!
My body is the universe,
And I am also conscious at its smallest point:
Smaller am I than all little things!
I hide behind the tiny, dancing electron:
I am also larger than huge Betelgeuse.
Small lives drown their littleness in that vast ocean,
To become one with the bigness of all big things.
I am most subtle—the subtlest force has density to cloak me—
Yet all things speak of me.
I wake with the dawn,

I exercise my vital muscle-rays in the sun;
I sleep in the night
Oft peeping through the twinkling stars.
I smile through the moon,
I heave in the ocean,
I paint, then wipe away all colors on my canvas-sky.
I form the dewdrop and transform the flowers with my
invisible wand;
I sing through the canaries and the nightingales;
It is I who sigh in human breasts;
Who whisper through men's conscience
And guide them through their pains and joys.
I roar in the thunder;
I work in the noise and dust of factories,
And I play at hide and seek in everything.
The sky, stars, clouds, and waters—
All wond'rously suggest
Thy mystic light, O mystic Charmer:
Thy Aurora Borealis points a path
To New Existence!

Thy cosmic life and I are one.
Thou art the Ocean, I am the wave;
We are one.
Thou art the Flame, I am the spark;
We are one.
Thou art the Flower, I am the fragrance.
We are one.
Thou art the Father, I am Thy child;
We are one.

Thou art the Beloved, I am the lover;
We are one.
Thou art the Lover, I am the beloved;
We are one.
Thou art the Song, I am the music;
We are one.
Thou art the Spirit, I am all nature;
We are one.

Thou art my Friend, I am Thy friend;
We are one.
Thou art the Master, I am Thy servant;
We are one.
Thou art my Mother, I am Thy son;
We are one.
Thou art my Master, I am Thy disciple;
We are one.
Thou art the Ocean, I am the drop;
We are one.

Thou art all Laughter, I am a smile;
We are one.

Thou art the Light, I am the atom;
We are one.
Thou art Consciousness, I am the thought;
We are one.
Thou art Eternal Power, I am strength;
We are one.

Thy peace and I are one.
Thy joy and I are one.
Thy wisdom and I are one.
Thy love and I are one.
That is why Thou and I are one.
Thou and I were one, and Thou and I will be one evermore.

I Was Made for Thee

I was made for Thee alone. I was made for dropping flowers of devotion gently at Thy feet on the altar of the morning.

My hands were made to serve Thee willingly, to remain folded in adoration, waiting for Thy coming; and, when Thou comest, to bathe Thy feet with my tears.

My voice was made to sing Thy glory.

My feet were made to seek Thy temples everywhere.

My eyes were made a chalice to hold Thy burning love and the wisdom falling from Thy nature's hands.

My ears were made to catch the music of Thy footsteps echoing through the halls of space, and to hear Thy divine melodies flowing through all heart-tracts of devotion.

My lips were made to breathe forth Thy praises and Thine intoxicating inspirations.

My love was made to throw incandescent searchlight flames to find Thee hidden in the forest of my desires.

My heart was made to respond to Thy call alone.

My soul was made to be the channel through which Thy love might flow uninterruptedly into all thirsty souls.

Thy Home-Coming

Thy mansion of heaven is lit by perennial aurora displays of mystic light.
The stellar system moves on endless, dark highways of eternity, leading to Thy mystic home.
The comet-peacocks spread gay plumes across the sky, dancing in wild delight in a garden of many moons.
I sit on my little patch, the Milky Way, and watch the glory of Thy kingdom spread out everywhere.
The heavenly festivities dazzle us with meteor fireworks against the night
That march across the blue vault to the beat of Thy unseen band, obedient to Thy will.
Everybody, everything, every atom rejoices at Thy coronation, O Thou uncrowned King of Galaxies!
Each day the trees drop flowers in Thine honor, and the skiey inverted bowl drops incense mists to honor Thee.
Candlesticks of cosmic power hold burning stars to light Thy mystic temple.
Meteorites blaze, traverse the sky, then fall to earth, mad with Thy joy.
The planetary dance glides in stately rhythms: Everything awaits Thy home-coming.
Because Thou hast seemed absent, Thy mansion of matter has, to our minds, seemed dark, unmeaning, steeped in sorrow.
Darkness is being dispelled! Thy gloom-drenched chamber of eternity grows radiant to my eyes at the news of Thy coming.
Heaven opens wide its gates, and light streams forth.
Bonfires of light everywhere in outer space, of shining nebulae and luminous galaxies:
All herald Thy approach.

The sentinels of sun and moon stand patiently at earth's doorstep
to greet Thy home-coming.
And I am running wild, dancing in my little body on this little
earth—and skimming over milky ways,
Coaxing everything: the atoms of all space—
Each speck of consciousness.
I cry: "Come! Open wide! Let divine light shine in all dark
human hearts!
Drive out darkness from them evermore,
And make once again gladsome this bare, lonely wilderness
of matter!"

Our Dream-World

Dreams of God

(An Inspirational Revelation of what God is)

The Spirit was invisible, existing alone in the home of all space. He piped to Himself the ever-new, ever-entertaining song of perfect, beatific bliss. As He sang through His voice of eternity, He wondered if aught but Himself was listening to His song. To His astonishment, He felt that He was the cosmic song itself, and also the singing. Even as He thought thus, lo! He became two: Spirit and Nature, positive and negative, man and woman, the peacock and the peahen, the stamen and the pistil of the flower—yes, even the male and the female gem.

All these He first became in thought alone. He dreamt duality, at first, only within Himself. As His joy in dreaming deepened, however, He thought, *My dream is Reality! My imagination is Truth!*

His vast cosmic dream thus became the cosmic soul of Nature!

The Creator then clothed His subtle dream with grosser dream-decorations, a condensed dream. He made it come outwardly to life and shine with the piercing light of cosmic vitality which illumined the dark skies of pure thought. He said: "My shadows of imagination shall live! They are a part of Me. Let them glisten with life, even as I am all Life Itself."

So His dream-thoughts took on luminous form. Soon all things manifested light and energy. Stars, angels and lower astral beings,

herbs, flowers, and bees—all shone as living lights in the limitless firmament of His dream. Endowed with motion, all things danced in His shimmering light. Behold, the Supreme Spirit had become God: the Father-Protector of Creation.

God saw many colored, shining things and beings in this new universe surrounding Him, beamed out from His cosmic heart. He saw also, however, that they suffered somewhat from sameness: Everything, everywhere, was composed of the same light. He dimmed His power, therefore, and focused a portion of His light rays into condensed forms.

Lo! a great change occurred in those vibrations. Light assumed dimmer colors, lost its brilliancy, and took on solid form and density. Part of the astral energy became frozen, and matter appeared as brown, dull, solid objects. Impure astral beings were given fleshly forms to become definite, condensed dreams. Astral nightingales dreamed substance-bound, feathery plumes. Newly manifested trees sported springtime blossoms. God caused all things to dream with a greater, absorbed intensity—to dream definitely and continuously; He made them dream grosser, and no longer astral, dreams—even as He had dreamt His astral universe into being. Thus, the gross cosmos came into existence.

The idea cosmos was born out of the Creator's desire to be twain. That cosmos then froze to become the astral universe. And last of all, the astral energy froze and became matter.

As, in a dream, one may create ideas and imagine them to be shining with light—may then dream that he can touch and hear things tangible to his senses—so God created other dreams in His one, all-inclusive dream: the almost-dimensionless idea cosmos; the astral universe of light and subtle energies; and the grossest manifestation of them all: energies in the smallest—but still inconceivably vast—illusion, through the infinite variety of energy vibrations in the material universe. As, in a dream, one can think and feel, see lights, or—if one is scientifically inclined—experiment with vary-

ing atomic combinations; see, taste, or touch a piece of ice and find it cold; move across hot desert sands; or imagine people born or not yet born: so God, in manifesting the material universe, dreamed nebulae, stars, galaxies, planets; then dreamed mineral, insect, animal, and people populations for these planets. He created thermal laws, and the law of gravitation. In living beings He manifested—increasingly so with evolution—clarity of thought, feeling, and the power of will.

The cosmic dream resembles in many ways our human dreams. Ours are diminutive and relatively changing, but they take after the relatively changeless cosmic dreams (relative still, for their changes occur in great cycles of time). While a human being may dream that his life is threatened by an accident, it is hard for him to realize, while he's asleep, that it is all a dream. Only on waking does he find it easy to forget the pain and mental suffering he experienced in that dream. Then indeed he may laugh as he realizes the unreality of his imagined pain.

If one holds a mental picture of a car accident, condenses and clearly focuses that image, then his imagination may become objective reality. The accident in a mere dream is already more real, and relatively more painful, than any vague mental image. If a little imagination can cause so much real-seeming pain, think how real God's condensed imagination must appear in His cosmic dream, with its trials, challenges, and temptations. And yet, what seem to be actual pain and suffering are really nothing but dreams. It is not in ordinary human consciousness, but only when we awake in cosmic consciousness with God-realization, that we see clearly all our trials and difficulties—not only in our own lives, but in those of others—as belonging only to God's colossal dream of Creation. Then indeed we laugh at the trials, sufferings, and pleasures we experienced on earth. We laugh equally at our many dreams of birth and death.

Is what I've written literally true? Reflect: In a dream one may see a dream wall, and knock his head against it. Isn't it quite likely, then,

that his dream head will hurt? But will that hurt remain with him when he awakes? Only if his imagination is pathological! As even dreams have power to hurt, so does this "waking dream" of earth life have the same, and indeed much greater, power. Waking life is part of God's much larger dream of all Creation.

Pleasure and pain, heat and cold—all dualities—are but dreams that accompany the consciousness of having a body.

The Invisible One, transcendent above all dimensions, became visible when He took on dimension. Never, of course, did God assume dimensions in reality. All outward manifestation is His cosmic dream. According to the laws of cause and effect, based on the deeper law of duality, every effect must equal, in essence, its cause. Even thus, the body of this universe, made up of forms that *appear* (but are not in reality) separate, divided, and muddled with contradictions, at constant war even within themselves (with the seeming disparity existing between solids, liquids, gases, and energy)—that body is, *in essence*, invisible and without dimension. The universe and every atom in its vast being—these are but frozen thoughts of God's. Science has proved all matter, indeed, to be but condensed energy—which, in its subtle form, is light. And light is the condensed dream of God's consciousness. The universe is merely an effect; it could not be essentially different from its supreme Cause: the vibrationless Spirit.

When the Invisible, the One, became many, it gave its creatures some of its own freedom of choice. In all life some innate power exists, which can evolve constantly toward greater clarity. Everything has, to some extent, God's power of free will. Even the worm moves not only by the mechanisms of karmic law, but by some miniscule impulse of its own free will. All things cooperate consciously, at first, with the cosmic urge toward further and ever-further manifestation. They believe in the cosmic delusion, and cooperate with its perpetuation. Yet all beings, by using their own self-evolving reason rightly, are also able to move in the opposite

direction, toward Him. At the end of each entity's manifestation, it will merge back again and become "one with the One."

Conscious cosmic Creation, however, being conscious, and having received its initial impulse to move toward outward manifestation, actually *tries* to keep moving ever outward, farther from its center in God. Hence the power of what is known as Satan. Human suffering, which grows out of the conflict between that outward and that inward pull, is born of behavior consciously influenced by Satan, or evil.

Man stands in a position of relative independence. He can reinforce his misguided, or self-mistaken, powers of reasoning and move outward with the Satanic urge—away from God—or he can reinforce the divine impulse within him, and follow God's emancipating wisdom by cooperating with His magnetic love. The latter course brings man back to divine Oneness, which is inherent in all things. God is powerless to help human beings, however, unless they accept voluntarily His ever-willing assistance. He can only help those who *will* to help themselves. Having once given man unlimited personal freedom, God cannot arbitrarily change His Law and prevent man from committing wrong deeds. Should He thus interfere with man's freedom, having once bestowed it on him, He would be contradicting Himself.

The Spirit, the Silent One, who remained hidden behind dream space as Invisible, tore away the veil of eternity and appeared as a Visible Cosmic Dream-Idol of Finitude. In the temple of boundless space, in the shrine of cosmic dreams, the Idol of Finitude rests, moves slowly, or dances with His millions of feet of life and motion. Every day, when with closed eyes I seek to grasp infinity, until my brain aches from the strain, I open my spiritual vision and fly my mind-architect far away into the region of eternity, there to build for myself a measureless temple of space, a sanctuary of silence. There I place my Cosmic Dream-Idol of Finitude, my Idol with starry eyes, blue skiey body bejeweled with moons, decorated with the garland of the Milky Way and with blossoms of light, and wearing a golden crown of jeweled rays.

I behold Him in the cosmic temple, His ever-busy hands working through the electrical forces and through the millions of paws, hands, and feet of all living creatures. I behold this, my Great Idol, walking through hundreds of millions of pairs of human feet. I hear His footsteps in the floating gossamer and in the fast-flying hooves of the hunted deer. In the throbbing of all hearts I hear the throb of His one heart. I feel His one thought, one feeling, and one will through all the thoughts, feelings, and will power of all mortals. It is the Cosmic Idol's one intelligence that infuses all brains.

Every day, at the hour of sunset, with open eyes I fly my mind's gaze into infinite space and its temple of golden rays, and in it I behold this vast Idol of Finitude.

Every day, India-wise, I beat the drum of my fancy on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Seas: They roar to honor my Idol of Souls. I play the harp strings of electronic rays, and they all sing. I blow the conch shell of cosmic vibration through all atoms. I join the chorus of soul-desires in all creatures, and they chant in the one language of the heart their adoration of the Idol of Finitude.

Oh! I have lighted the candles of all human inspirations and aspirations, of all devotions, of all hearts, of the love of all saints. The incense sticks of my love slowly, ceaselessly send up wisps of fragrant incense spirals of eternity to His infinite temple.

And in the temple choir even the moth and the glow-worm fold their wings in devotion, and tiny-eyed lights fold their palms of rays together along with mine, to worship Him. The temples, mosques, *viharas* all sing in harmonious chorus, offering up to my Idol of Finitude the different songs of multitudinous teachings.

When I lost my earthly mother, I sought her two black eyes in the stars until they twinkled black eyes everywhere. But those were not the eyes I had lost. Many black eyes sought to mother me, but these were not the two eyes I loved. I pulled very hard at the Divine Mother's veil of silence within me, and asked Her: "Why art Thou so cruel? Why didst Thou take from me my beloved earthly mother? Why hast Thou denied me her heart's loving gaze?"

And my Divine Mother replied, "Little child, it was I who became your mother. Many times have I nurtured you. Sometimes it was as a mother nightingale, sometimes as a deer in the forest. I have suckled you through many breasts. The last mother, whom you loved so dearly, was I. The reason I have withdrawn that little form was that your love was becoming too confined in that one form. I broke those narrow boundaries that your love, released, might flow outward to all mothers and know My one, vast love in all hearts. I burned the little form of your human mother that you might seek Me, your same but infinite Mother, in all space as well as in the Cosmic Idol of Finitude."

In the chain of universes I beheld the luminous spine of my Cosmic Idol. Around it loomed His vast blue body of eternity. Tiny sands, crystal drops of blue brine and of my tears, the tissues of stones, flowers, my flesh, air, earth, clouds, space, time, and life: all these I had once viewed with limited gaze, as existing separate from one another and engaged in perpetual strife. Now, with the

vision of my Cosmic Idol, I suddenly found these diverse created things all to be but His living cells; in them I saw the flow of His one, ever-living lifeblood. No death was possible, for in this blood I saw continual rebirth of new cells of His life.

My Cosmic Idol, made after our pattern, indulges in many moods, even as do we. I beheld His smile on the lips of the lotus, His rays of smiles in the light of all faces; I caught Him gazing sadly with the moon at the pride and folly of delusion-intoxicated, truth-forgetting civilizations. I saw Him angry in the storm, uprooting trees; then shedding repentant tears of rain upon the earth's lap. I saw His somber face in the cloudlets and in the mists of earth. I felt Him sorrowing in discouraged hearts, but then coaxing them to smile again with joy at His omnipresent beauty.

I realized that He was the fountain of all joy, percolating through the joys in human hearts and through all pores in the soil of omnipresence. I beheld Him as the ocean of immortality, heaving with the sighs of constant change.

I gazed in ecstasy at His skill as He showed me His cosmic motion pictures on the screens of human consciousness. I spied the glimmering fountains of Creation, of time, of space, of immortality, of duality, of life, of love, of all forms of consciousness, and of ever-new bliss. This spray played over the limitless gardens of His fadeless memory.

My Cosmic Idol broke His vow of eternal silence and emerged from His invisible home in Infinity to lure us with the mirage-laughter and sobbing of His Nature-moods. He hoped, by taking us out of ourselves, to make us forget our own dream-sorrows and to divert our vagrant footsteps homeward, to His bosom of eternal joy.

The many called to the One through halting prayers of conscience, theology, and intuition—and my Idol of Finitude responded. Invisible, He became visible. He was one: He became many. He found that the many children of phenomena, His human children especially, had become entangled in self-woven nets of delusion and

were unable to release themselves by reason alone from the pits of illusion which they themselves had dug. He therefore took pity, and became to them their Father, protecting His little, helpless children. Again, He stabbed His heart and let the blood of His love flow earthward; He clothed His tender feeling of love in a divine form, and it became the Mother; Divine Love became mother love.

The Divine Mother's love, expressed through the human mother, became unconditional love for the baby, so that even if the baby later became a criminal, forsaken by all the world, still he could go to this miniature expression of the Divine Mother, his earthly mother, and find ready forgiveness, tender sympathy, and wise guidance to find his way out of error.

He became the baby, to help the colder, reasoning fatherly love be balanced and expanded by the unconditional love of the mother. He gave the motherly expression of divine love to soften the more stern and calculating love of the father.

He became the baby so as to respond to the protective, unconditional love of the parents for the baby. In becoming the helpless child, He united the parents in their greater, unselfish love for their offspring. He unified the father and mother in body, mind, and all-surrendering love to express His divine love unconditionally in their souls.

He became love in the human lover so as to teach and express unselfish love. He became the beloved in order, by receiving love, to appreciate love selflessly and to rouse unconditional love in the lover. He became the teacher so as to warn Himself in others lovingly, and thus warn Himself also, in His many erring children.

When, however, the many heeded not the voice of their One Cosmic Lover and Beloved, they hurt themselves. And as often as they did so, He admonished them visibly, vocally, tangibly through the father, and shed soul-softening, protesting, loving tears through the mother's, or through the beloved's eyes.

He was not satisfied to become only the protecting parents. He

appeared, therefore, as immortal life, transcendent above death. He became the minister of wisdom in each temple of conscience, giving silent inner sermons to erring souls.

Not contented with helping through limited family identity, He appeared also as extra-familial friends, in order to give continuously fresh, needed help to the individual. He throbbed as health, which banishes sickness. He smiled in the minds of men and women, trying to destroy in them that intruder, sorrow.

He became the light of understanding to banish the darkness in which so many of His children stumble. He became the golden sun to give vitality. And He sent out silver rays of light from the moon as a salve to soothe the fever-parched bodies of men. He sang as the nightingale in the concert hall of Nature, that His children might be inspired to sing spontaneously from their own hearts to Him. He peeped through beauty-windows in the bluebell and the rose to give His children glimpses of His greater beauty, and inspire them to seek Him.

He spread Himself as flower-fragrances to lure the minds of men to seek His deathless fragrance behind the stoppered senses. As determination, He prompted the hearts of those with faltering will power to waken to the all-freeing, all-accomplishing cosmic will power sleeping in their souls. He became love in all hearts, that through the doors of their limited love they might seek comfort in His land of limitless love.

He sowed soul-seeds of love in the soil of life itself, and they grew to petals of individuality, all joined together on the stem of family love. Alas, when the petals of individual souls found pleasure in the fragrance of one family's love, they began to separate and fall away in estrangement or death. Divine love, first appearing through the fragrance of family love, was then blown by the wind of omnipresent love; the progeny of these souls migrated like pollen and fell more widely on the soil of social, patriotic, and international love. Bigger and brighter flowers appeared, emanating

volumes of sweeter fragrance.

At last, from these were born larger, living seeds. These better and more vital soul-seeds, no longer satisfied to grow on fenced-in soil, were planted by God in the garden of infinity. There they all bloomed as His immortelle of infinite love, the one flower of all flowers, forever knitted in the heart of His omnipresence—ever-fragrant with ever-new and everlasting joy.

The Dying Youth's Divine Reply

In his laughter he had often heard the echo of God's merriment. This laughing youth of many charms lay dying in a hut, yet the blast of illness could not wither his smiles. The doctors came and told him dolefully, "Only a day, just one day we give you to live."

The dear ones of his family cried aloud, "Leave us not, dear that you are to our souls. Our hearts are bursting for thee in thy plight."

The youth's smile grew brighter, and he spoke joyously yet with compassion, in a voice of song, "Ah, just a day, yes! Only a day between me and my long-lost Beloved. Oh, how slowly pass these intervening hours! When they finish, my Beloved will open the prison gates of this life and embrace me in Her infinite arms. The prison walls of this existence will crumble, and my released life will soar beyond these mortal shores toward my immaculate kingdom of beautiful dreams, where no nightmare of illness will ever dare to cross the threshold of my peace.

"I am the sea billow; in the vast sea will I find freedom. I am a mote of dust in the light; I will now fly through space with the stars. I am a drop of ambrosia; I will become a vast sea of nectar. I am a river of moonlight; I will melt in iridescence. My nightmare of imprisoning desires has ended; my dreams of grief are over as the light of laughter awakens in my soul. The candle of many lives, flickering with earthliness, has been extinguished forever by the gust of Her love, its little light disappearing into the divine light that plays over splendors of eternity. The shadows of imaginary fears have all vanished before the infinite light as it spreads out into all the dark nooks of my consciousness.

"I am making glad preparations for Her coming: I sing with laughter! All my thoughts have been clothed in new robes. I have asked my feelings to sing a reverent, celestial hymn. And I have roused all the residents in my villa of inspiration to celebrate this coming, gala day in honor of my entry into the infinite kingdom as a proclaimed son of the King of Peace. I have asked my sentries of will power and determination to banish every gloomy, carping inhabitant from my kingdom, and to slay on sight the devils of fear, pain, sorrow, and attachment. My celebration of entry into my bliss kingdom must be attended only by laughter and gay music. No pale timidity or dark sorrow will be permitted to join my festivity. All subjects of my mortal kingdom are called, today, to a festivity of unleashed though watchful merriment. They are all waiting with me to welcome that divine messenger, Death, when he comes to unlatch this door of finitude and release them into the free kingdom of Infinity.

"All the inmates of my consciousness rejoice to leave their mortal prison, where they have been so long lashed with worries, thrown into a solitary confinement of fear, and submitted to constant beatings by accident, failure, disease, and unhappiness. The inmates of my mental dungeon are glad to dump these brittle bones and throw the whole bag of flesh into the fire of divine joy. Oh, see: The bird of paradise is preening its wings to soar high into the skies of blissful omnipresence! The inmates of my mental kingdom are all waiting, quivering with joy, as the slow hours pass before we can all welcome our sweet savior, Death, to lead us into his kingdom by God's sovereign command.

"Oh, dear ones," continued the youth, "rejoice in my joy on this, my eve of freedom from this prison. I go before you. For me, now, no breaking bones, no accidents, no fear of failure, disappointment, or opposition! No more harassment by others' demands or expectations of me, no thought of bills to pay for the mere 'privilege' of maintaining this now-useless body! No greed

for possessions will ever again gnaw like mice at my soul. No discourtesies, naggings, quarrels, pain, or disease will ever dare to crowd noisily at the doors of my senses, which now will be locked shut! I will be 'not at home,' for I'll be roaming with my Beloved on fair mountains and meadows of cosmic freedom. Pray, wish me not back in your prison to chant dolefully with you in your chorus of sorrow and pain. If I am needed, however, I will gladly come back a million times, wearing my robes of immortality, to free you from your mortal prison and bring you to my home of infinite bliss.

"I am free! Soon I will be released! But I will also be sad to look back and see you locked behind those prison bars of mortal life, locked up in your uncertainties, fears, and almost daily anguish.

"'Tis less than a day now, the doctors tell me. Very soon I shall be on my cosmic way. No music can be sweeter than the song I'll sing, every moment through eternity. Less than a day now! Less than a day before my Beloved comes in the dazzling chariot of Death to take me away to the kingdom of deathless happiness, where I will live in my palace of bliss-dreams far, far away.

You weep for me dark tears, sorrowing at your impending loss in me, but I weep for you glad, joyous tears, for I am going before you—yes, for your own welfare's sake also—to light candles of wisdom all the way. I shall wait for you there, to welcome you to my place of eternal freedom with my one and only Beloved, and yours."

Glossary

ALLAH: Moslem name for God.

ALLAH HO AKBAR: God is most Great!

AUM*, OR *OM: The basis of all sounds; universal symbol-word for God. "Amin" is used by the Moslems, "Amen" by the Christians, "Hum" by the Tibetans, and "*Aum*" by the Hindus (see Cosmic Sound).

BABAJI: The Guru of my Guru's Guru; is *amar*, a deathless avatar still living secretly in the Himalayas. His powers are Christlike.

BHAGAVAD GITA: Hindu Bible; the sacred sayings of Sri Krishna (compiled millennia ago by the sage Byasa).

***BODHI* TREE**: The peepul tree, in India, under which Buddha sat and found enlightenment.

BRAHMA: The all-pervading Spirit as the Originator of all Creation.

BUDDHA: One of the avatars of India; called the *Buddha*, or, "enlightened one"; born in the 6th century B.C. at Kapilavastu in northeastern India.

BUDDHIST: A follower of Buddha.

CHRIST CONSCIOUSNESS: The consciousness of Spirit reflected in every unit of vibratory creation.

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS: Consciousness of Spirit transcending, and including, finite Creation.

COSMIC SOUND: *Om* or *Aum*, the all-pervading sound which emanates from the Cosmic Vibration. The voice of all creation, and, therefore, of God. *Aum* can be heard by a Self-realization technique of meditation.

GURU: The true, supreme preceptor who leads receptive disciples to God, especially by infusing his own, expanded consciousness into their limited ego-identification. The term Guru differs from teacher. A person can have only one true Guru, though he may have many teachers.

HINDU: An adherent of Hinduism, which is a partial expression of the universal truths expounded in the Vedas, also called *Sanaatan Dharma,* the Eternal Religion.

HOLY VIBRATION: *Aum* or *Om*; God manifested as intelligent vibration.

INTUITION: The "sixth sense"; true inner apprehension or knowledge derived immediately and spontaneously, rather than through the fallible medium of the senses and the intellect.

KALI: A mythological Hindu goddess represented as a woman with four arms. One hand holds a symbol of Nature's creative powers; the second expresses the function of cosmic preservation; the third hand holds an emblem of the purifying forces of cosmic dissolution; the fourth is outstretched to devotees in a gesture of blessing and salvation. By these several means, Kali calls all Creation back to oneness with God.

KORAN: The sacred sayings of Mohammed; the Islamic Bible.

KRISHNA: The Divine "Cowherd." Krishna was a king as well as a prophet, and is considered in India to have been an incarnation of God. He lived in the world, performing the duties of a king, but was never of this world. He is often depicted as a child, symbolically playing the flute; he is also depicted as a cowherd. Allegorically, Krishna represents the soul playing the flute—a sound heard in meditation—to lead all misguided thoughts back to the fold of omniscience.

KRIYA YOGA: An ancient science developed in India for the use of all spiritual seekers. Its technique is referred to and recommended by Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita, and by Patanjali in the *Yoga Sutras*.

LAHIRI MAHASAYA: My Guru's Guru; the one who revived for the world the highest technique of Yoga, which he called *Kriya Yoga*. Christlike, Lahiri Mahasaya had miraculous powers; he was also a family man with worldly responsibilities. His life-teaching—to be "calmly active and actively calm"—coincided with the needs of the spiritually aspiring businessman of the West. I have given him the title of "Yogavatar," or "Incarnation of Yoga."

LOTUS SYMBOL: The lotus symbolizes not only, in a general sense, spiritual aspiration and awakening, but also the single, spiritual eye seen in meditation: the *pranic* star door through which all must enter to attain cosmic consciousness. The technique for this accomplishment is included with Kriya Yoga. "Therefore, if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall

be full of light. . . . Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness." (Luke 11:34-35)

MOHAMMED: Prophet of God, who sought by a divinely martial spirit to lead spiritual warriors to the Kingdom of God. The founder of Islam.

MOHAMMEDAN: A follower of Mohammed.

MOSES: Great prophet of God, who saw the Lord as Light burning in the bushes of ignorance and gave his followers the "Ten Commandments" of right living. (The word, "commandment," signifies laws that govern all human nature.)

NAMAZ: The chief prayer of the Moslems.

NANAK: A great leader, saint, and first Guru of the Sikhs in India.

OM TAT SAT: Holy Ghost, Son, and Father: or Cosmic Vibration; Christ Consciousness in Creation; and Ever-Blissful Spirit—*nirguna*, because beyond all qualities—beyond Creation.

PARAMHANSA: A religious title, signifying one who is master of himself. It can only be bestowed on a disciple by his guru. *Paramhansa* literally means "supreme swan." The swan is symbolic in the Hindu scriptures of divine discrimination. (Whether mythologically or factually, the swan is said to be able to separate milk into curds and whey. Thus, the "Supreme Swan" is so called because his perfect discrimination enables him always to distinguish between truth and error.)

PRANA: Specific life force in the human body and in all living creatures.

RAM PRASAD (Ramproshad): A great devotional saint of Bengal, India.

SAT-SANGA: Fellowship with others of shared spiritual aspiration; fellowship with God in meditation.

SAMADHI: See the discussion on page 174.

SHIVA: A representation of the Infinite, Transcendental Spirit existing in relation to his consort, Kali, the finite creator of nature. Often spelled Siva, he is also that aspect of God which dissolves all Creation back, with cosmic *pralaya*, into the unmanifested Spirit again after a "Day of Brahma," or period of cosmic manifestation.

SRI YUKTESWAR: My great Guru (1855–1936). To him I owe all my spiritual perception. He had miraculous powers. I have given him the title of "Gyanavatar," or "Incarnation of Wisdom."

SUFI: An adherent of an Islamic system of mysticism.

SWAMI: A member of the monastic Swami Order, reorganized by Swami Shankara in the 8th century. A Swami can receive his title only through ordination by another swami. He renounces all egoic identification with the world, and considers himself belonging to the entire human family. There are ten subdivisions of the Swami Order, including my own branch, the Giri order. Others include Puri, Tirtha, and seven more.

SWAMI SHANKARA: Reorganizer of the Swami Order; his date is usually, though not necessarily correctly, given as the 8th century. He is the greatest known commentator on Vedanta philosophy, and was a practicing yogi. He expounded God not as a negative abstraction, but as positive, eternal, ever-conscious, omnipresent, ever-new bliss. He, too, performed many Christ-like miracles.

TURIYA: The state beyond deep, dreamless sleep, in which the superconscious becomes overtly active.

VEDAS: The four ancient scriptural texts of the Hindus.

VIHARA: A Buddhist temple.

YOGA: Communion with God through the practice of scientific meditation.

YOGI: One who unites himself scientifically with God. A yogi may be, outwardly, a man of the world, or he may be a renunciate spurning all worldly identifications. Practice, not theory, is the essence of the yogi's life.

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Paramhansa Yogananda

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According to Paramhansa Yogananda, edited by his disciple, Swami Kriyananda

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Kriyananda worked with Yogananda in 1950 while the Master completed his commentary. At that time Yogananda commissioned him to disseminate his teachings world-wide. Kriyananda declares, "Yogananda's insights into the Gita are the most amazing, thrilling, and helpful of any I have ever read."

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Yogananda powerfully explains virtually everything needed to lead a happier, more fulfilling life. Topics include: looking for happiness in the right places; choosing to be happy; tools and techniques for achieving happiness; sharing happiness with others; balancing success and happiness, and many more.

Praise for How to Be Happy All the Time

"The most important condition for happiness is even-mindedness, and here the author of *Autobiography of a Yogi* brings some of this sense to a treatise on how to be happy under virtually any condition. From identifying habits, thoughts, and practices which steal from happiness to understanding simplicity is the key and sharing happiness with others, *How to Be Happy All the Time* is a fine starting point for reaching contentment." —*Bookwatch*

Karma and Reincarnation

The Wisdom of Yogananda Series, Volume 2
Paramhansa Yogananda

Yogananda reveals the truth behind karma, death, reincarnation, and the afterlife. With clarity and simplicity, he makes the mysterious understandable. Topics include: why we see a world of suffering and inequality; how to handle the challenges in our lives; what happens at death, and after death; and the origin and purpose of reincarnation.

Spiritual Relationships

The Wisdom of Yogananda Series, Volume 3

Paramhansa Yogananda

Topics include: how to cure bad habits that spell the death of true friendship; how to choose the right partner and create a lasting marriage; sex in marriage and how to conceive a spiritual child; problems that arise in marriage and what to do about them; the divine plan uniting parents and children; the Universal Love behind all your relationships.

How to Be a Success

The Wisdom of Yogananda Series, Volume 4

Paramhansa Yogananda

This book includes the complete text of *The Attributes of Success*, the original booklet later published as *The Law of Success.* In addition, you will learn how to find your purpose in life, develop habits of success and eradicate habits of failure, develop your will power and magnetism, and thrive in the right job.

New in the Wisdom of Yogananda series, Volume 5

How to Have Courage, Calmness, and Confidence

Look for it in 2010

There are two different collections of the sayings, stories, and wisdom of Yogananda, each covering a diverse range of spiritual practices and topics, presented in an enjoyable, easy-to-read format.

Conversations with Yogananda

Edited with commentary by Swami Kriyananda

This is an unparalleled, first-hand account of the teachings of Paramhansa Yogananda. Featuring nearly 500 never-before-released stories, say-

ings, and insights, this is an extensive, yet eminently accessible treasure trove of wisdom from one of the 20th century's most famous yoga masters. Compiled and edited with commentary, by Swami Kriyananda, one of Yogananda's closest direct disciples.

Praise for Conversations with Yogananda

"Not many theologians can speak of Conscious bliss from a place of personal experience. Paramhansa Yogananda, a renowned twentieth-century spiritual teacher . . . can. His personal authority lends dramatic credibility to concepts and methods for spiritual aspirants from any tradition, from uncertain agnostics to fervent believers." –ForeWord Magazine

The Essence of Self-Realization

Edited and compiled by Swami Kriyananda

A fantastic volume of the stories, sayings, and wisdom of Paramhansa Yogananda, this book covers more than 20 essential topics about the spiritual path and practices. Subjects covered include: the true purpose of life, the folly of materialism, the essential unity of all religions, the laws of karma and reincarnation, grace vs. self-effort, the need for a guru, how to pray effectively, meditation, and many more.

Praise for The Essence of Self-Realization

"A wonderful book! To find a previously unknown message from Yogananda now is an extraordinary spiritual gift. *Essence* is wonderful to read in bits and pieces, before bed or to open up at random for an encouraging word from one of this century's most beloved spiritual teachers."

–Body, Mind, Spirit magazine

Books by Swami Kriyananda

Yogananda has many direct disciples whom he personally trained to carry on various aspects of his mission after his passing. One of the best known of these disciples is Swami Kriyananda, the founder of Ananda and Crystal Clarity Publishers. Kriyananda's autobiography, a sequel of sorts to *Autobiography of a Yogi*, contains hundreds of stories about Yogananda, culled from the nearly four years that Kriyananda lived with and was trained by Yogananda. It offers the unique perspective of a disciple reflecting on his time with a great master:

The New Path

My Life with Paramhansa Yogananda

Swami Kriyananda

The Path is the moving story of Kriyananda's years with Paramhansa Yogananda. *The Path* completes Yogananda's life story and includes more than 400 never-before-published stories about Yogananda, India's emissary to the West and the first yoga master to spend the greater part of his life in America.

Praise for The New Path

"Reading *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramhansa Yogananda was a transformative experience for me and for millions of others. In *The New Path*, Swami Kriyananda carries on this great tradition. Highly recommended." —Dean Ornish, M.D., Founder and President, Preventative Medicine Research Institute, Clinical Professor of Medicine, University of California, San Francisco, author of *The Spectrum*

"Swami Kriyananda has written a compelling and insightful account of his own life, as well as revealing his remembrances of Paramhansa Yogananda. Completely revised and updated, *The New Path* is filled with profound reflections, insights, experiences, challenges, and spiritual wisdom. Required reading for every spiritual seeker. I heartily recommend it." —Michael Toms, founder, New Dimensions Media, and author of *True Work* and *An Open Life: Joseph Campbell in Conversation with Michael Toms*

If you'd like a succinct, easy-to-understand overview of Yogananda's teachings and their place within ancient and contemporary spiritual thought and practices, we suggest:

God Is for Everyone

Inspired by Paramhansa Yogananda,
written by Swami Kriyananda

This book outlines the core of Yogananda's teachings. *God Is for Everyone* presents a concept of God and spiritual meaning that will appeal to everyone, from the most uncertain agnostic to the most fervent believer. Clearly and simply written, thoroughly nonsectarian and non-dogmatic in its approach, with a strong emphasis on the underlying unity of all religions, this is the perfect introduction to the spiritual path.

Praise for God Is for Everyone

"This book makes accessible the inspired pursuit of Bliss in simple, understandable ways. Written as an introduction for those just starting on the spiritual path, it is also a rejuvenating and inspiring boost for experienced seekers. Clear, practical techniques are offered to enhance personal spiritual practices. The author maintains that "everyone in the world is on the spiritual path" whether they know it or not, even if they are temporarily merely seeking pleasure and avoiding pain. Sooner or later, "They will want to experience Him (God)." Experiencing God—and specifically experiencing God as Bliss—is that underlying goal of this work, based on the teachings of a self-realized teacher. It hits the mark for contemporary spirituality."—ForeWord Magazine

If you would like to learn more about the spiritual heritage of India, the highest meaning of Hinduism, Yoga, and Christianity, including the deeper, underlying unity between Eastern and Western spirituality, you will enjoy reading:

The Promise of Immortality

The True Teaching of the Bible and the Bhagavad Gita

J. Donald Walters (Swami Kriyananda)

Destined to become a classic, *The Promise of Immortality* is the most complete commentary available on the parallel passages in the Bible and the Bhagavad Gita, India's ancient scripture. Compellingly written, this groundbreaking book illuminates the similarities between these two great scriptures in a way that vibrantly brings them to life. Mr. Walters sheds light on famous passages from both texts, showing their practical relevance for the modern day, and their potential to help us achieve lasting spiritual transformation.

Praise for The Promise of Immortality

"While Walters' study speaks to an urgent need for understanding and compassion, his book also brings both the Bible and the Bhagavad Gita vibrantly to life. *The Promise of Immortality* is the most complete commentary available on the parallel passages in these two texts." –Bodhi Tree Book Review

If you would like to learn how to begin your own practice of yoga postures, meditation, Kriya Yoga, and more, as taught by Yogananda and Kriyananda, we strongly recommend the following:

The Art and Science of Raja Yoga

Swami Kriyananda

Contains fourteen lessons in which the original yoga science emerges in all its glory—a proven system for realizing one's spiritual destiny. This is the most comprehensive course available on yoga and meditation today. Over 450 pages of text and photos give you a complete and detailed presentation of yoga postures, yoga philosophy, affirmations, meditation instruction, and breathing techniques. Also included are suggestions for daily yoga routines, information on proper diet, recipes, and alternative healing techniques. The book also comes with an audio CD that contains: a guided yoga postures sessions, a guided meditation, and an inspiring

talk on how you can use these techniques to solve many of the problems of daily life.

Praise for The Art and Science of Raja Yoga

"It's tough to do a good yoga book, because a number of variables have to converge: substantive integrity, clarity in how-to explanations and quality visuals. By those measures, this book succeeds. Walters' long teaching record shows his ability to discuss key yogic concepts and practices in simple terms. . . . This comprehensive guide has an extra medium to distinguish it on the crowded yoga bookshelf: an accompanying audio CD that contains ... helpful sections of guided meditation and posture instruction. All things considered, it's superior to books that reduce yoga to a series of physical exercises taught by this year's guru." –Publishers Weekly

Meditation for Starters

J. Donald Walters (Swami Kriyananda)

Meditation brings balance into our lives, providing an oasis of profound rest and renewal. Doctors are prescribing it for a variety of stress-related diseases. This award-winning book offers simple but powerful guidelines for attaining inner peace. Learn to prepare the body and mind for meditation with special breathing techniques and ways to focus and "let go"; develop superconscious awareness; strengthen your willpower; improve your intuition and increase your calmness.

Praise for Meditation for Starters

"*Meditation for Starters* is one of the best introductions to meditation for the beginner." –*Yoga International*

"J. Donald Walters at his best!"–Louise Hay, author of *You Can Heal Your Life*

Awaken to Superconsciousness

How to Use Meditation for Inner Peace, Intuitive Guidance, and Greater Awareness

Swami Kriyananda

This popular guide includes everything you need to know about the philosophy and practice of meditation, and how to apply the meditative mind to resolving common daily conflicts in uncommon, superconscious ways. Superconsciousness is the hidden mechanism at work behind intuition, spiritual and physical healing, successful problem solving, and finding deep, and lasting joy.

Praise for Awaken to Superconsciousness

"A brilliant, thoroughly enjoyable guide to the art and science of meditation. [Swami Kriyananda] entertains, informs, and inspires—his enthusiasm for the subject is contagious. This book is a joy to read from beginning to end."–Yoga International

Also available in this series:
Music to Awaken Superconsciousness (CD)
*Meditations to Awaken Superconsiousnes*s, spoken word (CD)

Affirmations for Self-Healing

Swami Kriyananda

This inspirational book contains 52 affirmations and prayers, each pair devoted to improving a quality in ourselves. Strengthen your will power; cultivate forgiveness, patience, health, and enthusiasm. A powerful tool for self-transformation.

Music and Spoken Word

Crystal Clarity also makes available many music and audio book resources. Here are some that you might find helpful:

Kriyananda Chants Yogananda

Swami Kriyananda

This CD offers a rare treat: hear Swami Kriyananda chant the spiritualized songs of his guru, Paramhansa Yogananda, in a unique and deeply inward way. Throughout the ages, chanting has been a means to achieve deeper meditation. Kriyananda's devotional chanting is certain to uplift your spirit.

Relax: Meditations for Flute and Cello

Donald Walters (Swami Kriyananda)
Featuring David Eby and Sharon Nani

This CD is specifically designed to slow respiration and heart rate, bringing listeners to their calm center. This recording features fifteen melodies for flute and cello, accompanied by harp, guitar, keyboard, and strings.

Bliss Chants

Ananda Kirtan

Chanting focuses and lifts the mind to higher states of consciousness. *Bliss Chants* features chants written by Yogananda and his direct disciple, Swami Kriyananda. They're performed by Ananda Kirtan, a group of singers and musicians from Ananda, one of the world's most respected yoga communities. Chanting is accompanied by guitar, harmonium, kirtals, and tabla.

Other titles in the Chant Series:

Divine Mother Chants
Love Chants
*Wisdom Chants**
Power Chants
Peace Chants
*Wellness Chants**

** coming in 2010*

AUM: Mantra of Eternity

Swami Kriyananda (Swami Kriyananda)

This recording features nearly 70 minutes of continuous vocal chanting of AUM, the Sanskrit word meaning peace and oneness of spirit. AUM, the cosmic creative vibration, is extensively discussed by Yogananda in *Autobiography of a Yogi*. Chanted here by his disciple, Kriyananda, this recording is a stirring way to tune into this cosmic power.

Other titles in the Mantra Series:

*Gayatri Mantra**
*Mahamrityanjaya Mantra**
*Maha Mantra**

** coming in 2010*

Metaphysical Meditations

Swami Kriyananda

Kriyananda's soothing voice leads you in thirteen guided meditations based on the soul-inspiring, mystical poetry of Paramhansa Yogananda. Each meditation is accompanied by beautiful classical music to help you quiet your thoughts and prepare you for deep states of meditation. Includes a full recitation of Yogananda's poem, *Samadhi,* which appears in *Autobiography of a Yogi*. A great aid to the serious meditator, as well as to those just beginning their practice.

Autobiography of a Yogi Audio Book

by Paramhansa Yogananda, read by Swami Kriyananda

This is a recording of the original, unedited 1946 edition of *Autobiography of a Yogi*. Read by Swami Kriyananda, this is the only audio edition that is read by one of Yogananda's direct disciples—someone who both knew him and was directly trained by him.

Ananda Sangha Worldwide

Ananda Sangha is a worldwide fellowship of kindred souls following the teachings of Paramhansa Yogananda. The Sangha embraces the search for higher consciousness through the practice of meditation, and through the ideal of service to others in their quest for Self-realization. Approximately ten thousand spiritual seekers are affiliated with Ananda Sangha throughout the world.

Founded in 1968 by Swami Kriyananda, a direct disciple of Paramhansa Yogananda, Ananda includes seven communities in the United States, Europe, and in India. Worldwide, about one thousand devotees live in these spiritual communities, which are based on Yogananda's ideals of "plain living and high thinking."

"Thousands of youths must go north, south, east and west to cover the earth with little colonies, demonstrating that simplicity of living plus high thinking lead to the greatest happiness!" After pronouncing these words at a garden party in Beverly Hills, California in 1949, Paramhansa Yogananda raised his arms, and chanting the sacred cosmic vibration AUM, he "registered in the ether" his blessings on what has become the spiritual communities movement. From that moment on, Swami Kriyananda dedicated himself to bringing this vision from inspiration to reality by establishing communities where home, job, school, worship, family, friends, and recreation could evolve together as part of the interwoven fabric of harmonious, balanced living. Yogananda predicted that these communities would "spread like wildfire," becoming the model lifestyle for the coming millennium.

Swami Kriyananda lived with his guru during the last four years of the Master's life, and continued to serve his organization for another ten years, bringing the teachings of Kriya Yoga and Self-realization to audiences in the United States, Europe, Australia, and, from 1958–1962, India. In 1968, together with a small group of close friends and students, he founded the first "world brotherhood community" in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in northeastern California. Initially a meditation retreat center located on sixty-seven acres of forested land, Ananda World Brotherhood Village today encompasses eight hundred acres where

about 250 people live a dynamic, fulfilling life based on the principles and practices of spiritual, mental, and physical development, cooperation, respect, and divine friendship.

At this writing, after forty years of existence, Ananda is one of the most successful networks of intentional communities in the world. Urban communities have been developed in Palo Alto and Sacramento, California; Portland, Oregon; and Seattle, Washington. In Europe, near Assisi, Italy, a spiritual retreat and community was established in 1983, where today nearly one hundred residents from eight countries live. Ananda Sangha also supports more than hundred meditation groups worldwide. Swami Kriyananda currently lives in Pune, India where work has begun to develop both urban and rural communities.

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Expanding Light Retreat

Ananda's non-profit guest retreat, The Expanding Light, is visited by over two thousand people each year. We offer a varied, year-round schedule of classes and workshops on yoga, meditation, spiritual practices, yoga and meditation teacher training, and personal renewal retreats. The Expanding Light welcomes seekers from all backgrounds. Here you will find a loving, accepting environment, ideal for personal growth and spiritual renewal.

We strive to create an ideal relaxing and supportive environment for people to explore their own spiritual growth. We share the nonsectarian meditation practices and yoga philosophy of Paramhansa Yogananda and his direct disciple, Ananda's founder, Swami Kriyananda. Yogananda called his path "Self-realization," and our goal is to help our guests tune in to their own higher Self.

Guests at The Expanding Light can learn the four practices that comprise Yogananda's teachings of Kriya Yoga: the Energization Exercises, the *Hong-Sau* technique of concentration, the AUM technique, and Kriya Yoga. The first two techniques are available for all guests; the second two are available to those interested in pursuing this path more deeply.

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Crystal Clarity Publishers

When you're seeking a book on practical spiritual living, you want to know it's based on an authentic tradition of timeless teachings, and that it resonates with integrity. This is the goal of Crystal Clarity Publishers: to offer you books of practical wisdom filled with true spiritual principles that have not only been tested through the ages, but also through personal experience. We publish only books that combine creative thinking, universal principles, and a timeless message. Crystal Clarity books will open doors to help you discover more fulfillment and joy by living and acting from the center of peace within you.

Crystal Clarity Publishers—recognized worldwide for its bestselling, original, unaltered edition of Paramhansa Yogananda's classic *Autobiography of a Yogi*—offers many additional resources to assist you in your spiritual journey, including over ninety books, a wide variety of inspirational and relaxation music composed by Swami Kriyananda, Yogananda's direct disciple, and yoga and meditation DVDs.

For our online catalog, complete with secure ordering, please visit us on the web at:

www.crystalclarity.com

To request a catalog, place an order for the products you read about in the Further Explorations section of this book, or to find out more information about us and our products, please contact us:

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